The BEAUTIES of MILTON Thomson and Young.

Tutor'd by thee, sweet Poetry exalts
Her voice thro' ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die!

Thomson



DUBLIN

Printed for the Company of Booksellers

1783.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO HER

GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

O THOU! of Beauty's ſelf the Pride!
Whoſe magic Graces charm the Heart;
To ev'ry Excellence ally'd,
That points the love-inſpiring Dart;
Whoſe Worth's the Theme of ev'ry Swain,
Imperial Queen of Hymen's reign!

Pride of the Year, ſweet Flora ſtrows
Her earlieſt Flow'rs thy Paths along,
While from their Beds of gay Primroſe,
The Wood-Nymphs ſwell thy Natal ſong;
Enamour'd Nature owns thy Sway,
Viewing leſs fair her Daughter, May!

Humility from thy meek Eye
Sheds a ſweet bleſſing on the Poor,
Celeſtial Pæans round thee fly,
And thy immortal bliſs ſecure;
Where'er the Seaſons rove, we ſee
Some Beauty bloom, deſign'd for thee!

Sublime o'er all, lov'd RUTLAND, view
This Offſpring of the Britiſh Muſe;
A Flow'ry Chaplet twin'd for you,
That Tints or Luſtre will not loſe;
Their Beauties never know decay,
Here Genius triumphs over May!

London, Dec. 16, 1782. *W. H.*

DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

20 AU 66

PREFACE.

THOUGH the number of books upon the plan of this volume is now pretty extenſive, and all have a ſufficient portion of merit to entitle them to a conſiderable ſhare of applauſe; yet, the ſublime diſplay of genius in MILTON, THOMSON, and YOUNG, were ſuch a temptation, that I thought I could not do a greater ſervice to the riſing youth of both ſexes than by making ſuch a ſelection as would improve the *Morals*, raiſe the opinion of Engliſh *Literature*, and give conſiderable ſtrength to the dignity of *Elocution*. The *Epiſodes* are ſuch as no volume can parallel, that of the Beauties of Sterne excepted. The Reader will ſee I have paid more attention to them than to ſhort ſentences, becauſe I am convinced from experience how much more eſtimable they are deemed by the world: the extenſive ſale of the Beauties of Sterne is a ſtriking teſtimony of the truth of my aſſertion. A volume of ſhort ſentences is a moſt uſeful companion for a ſchool-boy, but a volume like that in queſtion is a companion for every refined reader. I have put uſeful and illuſtrative notes to the Beauties of Milton from Dr. Newton's Edition of his Works.

Many are the admirers of Milton, Thomſon, and Young, and a number out of the many have never taſted the ſublime beauties of the *firſt* and the *laſt* of theſe poets: they ſeldom make their appearance in front, and thoſe readers I hint at will not give themſelves time to mow down the *weeds* for a view of the incomparable *flowers*.

The cheek of Indignation may be crimſoned at my aſſerting there are weeds to be found in the writings of Milton, and Young, but that ſhall give me very little anxiety.

The admirers of beautiful writing are many, and, ſure I am, out of the number, many have never *beheld its charms! Opinion* is as much an object of *Faſhion*, as *Taſte*, and the features of a *ſecluded Beauty* in high life, are as much the theme of the illiterate as though they were every inſtant in their view.

I have taken ſome pains in the proſecution of this work, and hope to find theſe Beauties well received though they do not carry the air of *novelty*.

Indeed when I reflect that Milton could obtain but fifteen pounds for his Paradiſe Loſt—On Otway, Savage, Boyce, and Chatterton, being ſtarved to death—On Smollet's Widow advertiſing for charity, and ſee that charity—wretched indeed! On Officers who have bravely fought in defence of our country, and whoſe children are in the like predicament.—When I reflect on theſe things, and turn my eyes on objects leſs meritorious, raiſed to the pinnacle of Fortune, through oſtentation, my wonder at the vitiated choice of the world ſubſides into perfect indifference, and I ſhall reſt ſatisfied whether this immortal offspring of Britiſh Genius meets with the patronage of the Public or not.

THE

LIFE OF MILTON.

MR. John Milton was born in London Dec. 9, 1608, about nine years before Shakeſpeare died. He had a moſt liberal education, and gave ſeveral proofs of his poetic genius before he was ſeventeen, when he was ſent to Chriſt's-College, Cambridge, where his obliging behaviour, added to his great learning and ingenuity, made him regarded with admiration and eſteem. Having ſpent five years at this univerſity, and taking up his degree of Maſter of Arts, he went to his father's houſe at Horton in Buckinghamſhire, where he ſpent five years more in a learned retirement, in which he wrote his excellent maſque of Comus, l'Allegro, il Penſeroſo, and his Lycidas, pieces alone ſufficient to have rendered his name immortal. After which his mother dying, he obtained leave of his father to make the tour of Europe. At Paris, the lord Scudamore introduced him to the learned Grotius; at Rome, he gained the friendſhip of the Marquis of Villa, a nobleman of ſingular virtue and diſtinguiſhed merit; and, in general, was every where received by the great and the learned, with the higheſt marks of reſpect. Having ſhipped off at Venice the books he collected in his travels, he went to Genoa, from whence he ſet ſail to England.

We ſhall paſs over the incidents of his public and private life after his return, as well as the various diſputes in which he was engaged, as it is not our deſign to conſider him as a politician, and an excellent proſe writer, but as a poet. Though at

the reſtoration, which happened ſome time after he had loſt his ſight, his books were burnt by the hands of the common hangman. Mr. Milton after a ſhort confinement eaſily obtained his pardon. He then retired from the world, and from a principle of conſcience, bravely refuſed (though often ſolicited) to accept of the ſame office of Latin ſecretary under Charles II. which he had enjoyed under Oliver. In this retirement he wrote his Paradiſe Loſt and Regained, and his Samſon Agoniſtes. The firſt one of the fineſt poems the world has ever produced, the ſecond a piece far from being void of merit, and the third, an admirable dramatic poem. His Paradiſe Loſt and Regained are founded on the moſt important events, events in which we are all intereſted. The Meſſiah is his hero, and the Supreme with aſtoniſhing majeſty is repreſented uttering his decrees, and ſending his ſon to vanquiſh the rebel hoſt, and to accompliſh the great works of creation and redemption. The angels are as much diverſified in Milton, as the gods in Homer and Virgil: And the infernal ſpirits have each a ſeparate character, which they conſtantly ſuſtain. And in his ſmaller pieces, as his Samſon Agoniſtes, Comus, l'Allegro, il Penſeroſo, and Lycidas, there is ſuch ſtrength of expreſſion, ſuch poetic fire, and ſuch a noble dignity, beauty, and harmony, as render even theſe performances inimitable. Milton's learning and erudition was immenſe, he was a great hiſtorian, mathematician, logician, and divine; he was not only maſter of the Greek and Latin, but of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, as well as of the Spaniſh, French, and Italian. He was of ſtrict morals, of a cheerful, facetious, and affable temper, and his converſation was at once delightful and inſtructive. He lived till he was ſixty-ſix years of age, died of the gout in the year 1674, and his body was interred in the chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

THE

LIFE OF THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, an admirable Britiſh poet, was the ſon of a miniſter in Scotland, and was born at Ednam in the ſhire of Roxburgh, the 11th of September, 1700. He ſtudied at the univerſity of Edinburgh, where Mr. Hamilton, who filled the divinity chair, preſcribed to him, for the ſubject of an exerciſe, a pſalm, in which are celebrated the power and majeſty of God. Of this pſalm he gave a paraphraſe and illuſtration, as the nature of the exerciſe required; but in a ſtyle ſo highly poetical, that it ſurpriſed the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton complimented him upon it, but at the ſame told him, with a ſmile, that if he thought of being uſeful in the miniſtry, he muſt keep a ſtricter rein upon his imagination, and expreſs himſelf in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation. From this Mr. Thomſon concluded, that the advantages he might receive from the ſtudy of theology were very precarious: and having ſoon after received ſome encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother, then in London, he ſet out on his journey thither. Though this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, his merit did not lie long concealed: Mr. Forbes, afterwards lord preſident of the ſeſſion, received him very kindly, and recommended him to ſome of his friends, particularly to Mr. Aikman, whoſe premature death he has affectionately commemorated in a copy of verſes written on that occaſion. The kind reception he met with here emboldened him, in 1726, to riſk the publication of his admired poem called Winter, and from that time his acquaintance

was courted by all men of taſte. Dr. Rundle, afterwards biſhop of Derry, received him into his intimate confidence, and introduced him to his great friend the lord chancellor Talbot. In return Mr. Thomſon's chief care was to finiſh the plan which their wiſhes had laid out for him: and the expectations which his Winter had raiſed, were fully ſatisfied by the ſucceſſive publication of the three other ſeaſons. Beſides theſe, he publiſhed in 1727, his Poem to the Memory of Sir Iſaac Newton, then lately deceaſed, and alſo his Britannia, a poem.

His poetical purſuits were now interrupted by his attendance on the honourable Mr. Charles Talbot, ſon of the lord chancellor, in his travels; with him he viſited moſt of the courts of Europe, and what judicious obſervations he made on this occaſion appears from his excellent poem on Liberty, which he began ſoon after his return to England. But while he was writing the firſt part of this poem, he received a ſevere ſhock by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, which was ſoon followed by another ſeverer ſtill, the death of lord Talbot himſelf, whom Mr. Thomſon laments in the moſt pathetic manner, in the poem dedicated to his memory. His lordſhip had a little before made him ſecretary of the briefs; but this place falling with his patron, he found himſelf reduced to a ſtate of precarious dependance, in which he paſſed the greateſt part of the remainder of his life.

It will not here be improper to mention an incident, which, though omitted in his life prefixed to his Works, is worthy of notice. Mr. Thomſon having the misfortune to be arreſted by one of his creditors, the report of his diſtreſs reached the ears of Mr. Quin, who being told that he was in the hands of a bailiff, at a ſpunging-houſe in Holborn, went thither, and being admitted into the room, was, after ſome civilities on both ſides, invited by Mr. Thomſon to ſit down. Quin then told him, that he was come to ſup with him, and had already ordered ſupper to be pro-

vided, which he hoped he would excuſe. Mr. Thomſon made a ſuitable reply, and the diſcourſe turned on ſubjects of literature. When ſupper was over, and the glaſs had gone briſkly round, Quin obſerved that it was time to enter upon buſineſs. On which Thomſon, thinking he was come about ſome affairs relating to the drama, declared that he was ready to ſerve him to the utmoſt of his capacity, in any thing he ſhould command. "Sir (ſaid Quin) you miſtake my meaning; I am in your debt; I owe you a hundred pounds, and am come to pay you." Thomſon, with a diſconſolate air, replied, that as he was a gentleman whom to his knowledge he had never offended, he wondered he ſhould come to inſult him under his misfortunes. Quin, in return, expreſſed his deteſtation of ſuch ungenerous behaviour, adding, "I ſay, I owe you a hundred pounds; and there it is," laying a bank-note of that value before him. Thomſon, filled with aſtoniſhment begged he would explain himſelf. "Why (returned Quin) I'll tell you. Soon after I had read your Seaſons, I took it in my head, that, as I had ſomething to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and among the reſt of my legatees, I ſet down the author of the Seaſons a hundred pounds; but this day hearing that you was in this houſe, I thought I might as well have the pleaſure of paying you the money myſelf, as order my executors to pay it, when, perhaps, you might have leſs need of it." Mr. Thomſon expreſſed his grateful acknowledgments. The ſum being much more than the debt for which he was confined, he was immediately diſcharged, and a very ſtrict friendſhip ſubſiſted from that time between him and his generous benefactor.

The profits Mr. Thomſon received from his works were not inconſiderable; his tragedy of Agamemnon, acted in 1738, yielded a good ſum. But his chief dependance was now on the protection and bounty of Frederick, prince of Wales, who, upon the re-

commendation of Lord Lyttelton, ſettled on him a handſome allowance; but the miſunderſtanding which ſubſiſted between his royal highneſs and the court, prevented his obtaining a licence for his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora. His next dramatic performance was the maſk of Alfred, written jointly with Mr. Mallet, for the entertainment of his royal highneſs's court, at his ſummer-reſidence. In 1745, his Tancred and Sigiſmunda was performed with applauſe; and, in the mean time, he had been finiſhing his Caſtle of Indolence, an allegorical poem, in two cantos; which was the laſt piece Mr. Thomſon publiſhed. Soon after, the generous friendſhip of Lord Lyttelton procured for him the place of ſurveyor-general of the Leeward Iſlands, which he enjoyed during the two laſt years of his life.

Mr. Thomſon had improved his taſte upon the fineſt originals, ancient and modern. The autumn was his favourite ſeaſon for poetical compoſition, and the deep ſilence of the night he commonly choſe for his ſtudies. The amuſements of his leiſure hours were civil and natural hiſtory, voyages, and the beſt relations of travellers. Though he performed on no inſtrument, he was paſſionately fond of muſic, and would ſometimes liſten a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond-gardens; nor was his taſte leſs exquiſite in the arts of painting, ſculpture, and architecture. As for the more diſtinguiſhing qualities of his mind and heart, they beſt appear in his writings. There his devotion to the Supreme Being, his love of mankind, of his country and friends, ſhine out in every page; his tenderneſs of heart was ſo unbounded, that it took in even the brute creation. It is not known, that, through his whole life, he ever gave any perſon a moment's pain, either by his writings or otherwiſe. He took no part in the political ſquabbles of his time, and was therefore reſpected and left undiſturbed by both ſides. Theſe

amiable virtues did not fail of their due reward; the applauſe of the public attended all his productions; his friends loved him with an enthuſiaſtic ardour, and ſincerely lamented his untimely death, which happened on the 27th of Auguſt, 1748, in the 48th year of his age.

His executors were the Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Mitchell, by whoſe intereſt the tragedy of Coriolanus, which he had juſt finiſhed, was brought upon the ſtage to the beſt advantage. His works, particularly the Seaſons, have had ſeveral impreſſions. In 1762, were publiſhed two editions of his works, one in two volumes quarto, the other in four volumes duodecimo. With the profits ariſing from the former, which was printed by ſubſcription, a monument was erected to his memory in Weſtminſter-abbey; on which he is repreſented in full length, in a ſitting poſture, with his right-hand upon an open book, and his left arm reſting on an urn, embelliſhed with four figures in baſs relief. On the other ſide ſtands a ſmall winged figure holding over the urn, in his right hand, a chaplet of bays. Under it are theſe lines:

Tutor'd by thee, ſweet Poetry exalts
Her voice thro' ages, and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought
Never to die.

Obiit Ætatis 48, A. D. 1748.

THE

LIFE OF YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, near Wincheſter, in June 1681. He was the ſon of Edward Young, at that time Fellow of Wincheſter College, and Rector of Upham. We find by Mr. Croft's life of him that Queen Mary was his god-mother. He was placed upon the foundation at Wincheſter College and remained there till the election after his eighteenth birth-day, the period at which thoſe upon the foundation are ſuperannuated. On the 13th of October 1703, he was entered an independent member of New College. In a few months the warden of New College died. He then removed to Corpus College. In 1708 he was nominated to a law fellowſhip at All-Souls by archbiſhop Tenniſon. On the 23d of April 1714, he took his degree of Bachelor of Civil Laws, and his Doctor's degree on the 10th of June, 1719. There are who relate, that, when firſt Young found himſelf independent, and his own maſter at All-Souls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality which he afterwards became. Young was certainly not aſhamed to be patronized by the infamous Wharton. But Wharton befriended in Young, perhaps the Poet, and particularly the Tragedian. If virtuous authors muſt be patronized only by virtuous Peers, who ſhall point them out? Yet Pope is ſaid by Ruffhead to have told Warburton, that "Young had much of a ſublime genius, though without common ſenſe; ſo that his genius having no guide, was perpetually liable to degenerate into bombaſt. This made him,

paſs a *fooliſh youth*, the ſport of peers and poets: but his having a very good heart enabled him to ſupport the clerical character when he aſſumed it, firſt with decency, and afterwards with honour. The Poem on the *Laſt Day* was publiſhed at Oxford May 19, 1713. His next Poem was *The Force of Religion, or, Vanquiſhed Love.* This Poem is founded on the execution of Lady Jane Gray, and her huſband Lord Guildford, in 1554. The Tragedy of Buſiris was brought upon Drury-lane ſtage in 1719. And that of the *Revenge* in 1721. Young, after he took orders, became a very popular preacher, and was much followed for the grace and animation of his delivery. By his oratorical talents, he was once in his life, according to the Biographia, deſerted. As he was preaching in his turn at St. James's, he plainly perceived it was out of his power to command the attention of his audience. This ſo affected his feelings, that he ſat back in the pulpit, and burſt into tears. His Satires were originally publiſhed ſeparately in folio, the appearance of the firſt was about the year 1725. Theſe poems he gathered into one publication under the title *The Univerſal Paſſion.* It is related by Mr. Spence, in his manuſcript anecdotes, on the authority of Mr. *Rawlinſon*, that Young, upon the publication of his *Univerſal Paſſion*, received from the Duke of Grafton two thouſand pounds; and that, when one of his friends exclaimed, *Two thouſand pounds for a Poem!* he ſaid it was the beſt bargain he ever made in his life, for the poem was worth four thouſand.

When Young was writing a Tragedy, Grafton is ſaid to have ſent him a human ſkull, with a candle in it, as a proper lamp. In July 1730 he was preſented by his College to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordſhire. In April 1732, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and widow of Colonel Lee; and was deprived of her in the year 1740. She was ſoon followed by an

amiable daughter, the child of her former huſband, who was juſt married to Mr. Temple, ſon of Lord Palmerſton. Mr. Temple did not long remain after his wife. How ſuddenly their deaths happened, and how nearly together, none who has read the *Night Thoughts* (and who has not read them ?) needs to be informed.

> Inſatiate Archer! could not one ſuffice ?
> Thy ſhaft flew thrice ; and thrice my peace was ſlain ;
> And thrice, e'er thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

To the ſorrow Young felt at his loſſes we are indebted for the *Night Thoughts*. In 1753, when the *Brothers* had lain by him above thirty years, it appeared upon the ſtage. If any part of his fortune had been acquired by ſervility of adulation, he now determined to deduct from it no inconſiderable ſum, as a gift to the Society for the Propagation of the Goſpel. To this ſum he hoped the profits of *The Brothers* would amount. In his calculation he was deceived; but the Society were not loſers by the bad ſucceſs of the play. The author made up the ſum he intended, which was a thouſand pounds, from his own pocket. Young and his houſekeeper were ridiculed, with more ill-nature than wit, in a kind of Novel publiſhed by Kidgell in 1755, called *The Card*, under the names of Dr. Elwes and Mrs. Fuſby. Kidgell had been Young's curate. In April 1765, at an age to which few attain, a period was put to the life of Young. His epitaph is as follows:

M. S.
Optimi parentis
Edwardi Young, LL.D.
Hujus eccleſiæ rect.
Et Elizabethæ
Fœm. prænob.
Conjugis ejus amantiſſimæ
Pio & gratiſſimo animo
Hoc marmor poſuit
F. Y.
Filius ſuperſtes.

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THE

BEAUTIES OF MILTON.

* L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings †,
And the night-raven ſings;
There under ebon ſhades, and low brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell ‡.

* This and the following poem are exquiſitely beautiful in themſelves, but appear much more beautiful, when they are conſidered as they were written, in contraſt to each other. There is a great variety of pleaſing images in each of them; and it is remarkable, that the Poet repreſents ſeveral of the ſame objects as exciting both mirth and melancholy, and affecting us differently, according to the different diſpoſitions and affections of the ſoul. He derives the title of both poems from the Italian, which language was then principally in vogue. *L'Allegro* is the chearful merry man. *Newton.*

† *Where brooding darkneſs*). Called ſo becauſe darkneſs ſets the imagination on work, to create ideal forms and beings. *Warburton.*

‡ *In dark Cimmerian deſert.*) The Cimmerians were people who lived in caves under ground, and never ſaw the light of the ſun. *Newton.*

But come thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n *ycleap'd Euphroſyne,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as ſome ſager ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:

* —— *ycleap'd*] called.

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking not unſeen,
By hedge row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight,
While the plough man near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſithe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the landſkip round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighb'ring eyes *.
Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,

* *The Cynoſure of neighb'ring eyes.*) *Cynoſura* is the conſtellation of Urſa minor, or the Little Bear next to our pole: it ſignifies a guide.

Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavory dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bow'r ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind the ſheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs ſound *
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd ſhe ſaid,
And he by frier's lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin ſwet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet †,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flale hath threſh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,

* *And the jocund rebecs ſound.*) *Rebec* is a three-ſtringed fiddle. *Newton.*

† *To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet.*) Reginald Scot gives a brief account of this imaginary ſpirit much in the ſame manner with this of our Author.——"Your grand-dames, maids, were wont to ſet "a *bowl of milk* for him, for his pains in grinding of malt or muſ- "tard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight——his *white bread and* "*milk* was his ſtanding fee."——Diſcovery of Witchcraft, London, 1588 and 1651. 4to. p. 66. *Peck.*

And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towered cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique pageantry;
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Johnſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of harmony;
That Orpheus ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heapt Elyſian flow'rs, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
Theſe delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Vol. IV. p. 50.

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* IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus' train †.
But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid Wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem,

* *Il Penſeroſo* is the thoughtful melancholy man; and Mr. Thyer concurred with me in obſerving that this poem, both in its model and principal circumſtances, is taken from a ſong in praiſe of melancholy, in Fletcher's Comedy, called the *Nice Valor*; *or, Paſſionate Madman.* *Newton.*

† *The fickle penſioners of Morpheus' train.*) *Morpheus*, the miniſter of Somnus or Sleep, ſo called becauſe he feigns the very countenances, words, manners, and geſtures of mankind, and exhibits them in dreams. *Peck.*

Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove *
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore †
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet.
And hears the Muſes in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;

* *Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop Queen, &c.*) Caſſiope, wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia. She was the mother of Andromeda, and was taken into Heaven; for which laſt reaſon Milton calls her the *Starr'd Ethiop Queen.* *Peck.*

† *Thee bright-hair'd Veſta, &c.*) One of the goddeſſes of the ancients.

But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly *,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee chauntreſs oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-ſong;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound †,

* *Sweet bird, &c.*) It is remarkable that here he begins his time from evening, as in *L'Allegro* from the early morning; and here with the nightingale as there with the lark. And as Mr. Thyer obſerves, this rapturous ſtart of the Poet's fancy in praiſe of his favourite bird is extremely natural and beautiful: and 'tis worth the reader's while too to obſerve, how finely he makes it ſerve to connect his ſubject, and inſenſibly as it were to introduce the following charming night-ſcene. *Newton.*

† *I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound, &c.*) William the Conqueror, in the firſt year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell ſhould be rung every night at eight of the clock, and that all perſons ſhould then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed; the ringing of which bell was called Curfeu, Fr. *Couvre-feu*, that is, cover fire. The frequent alliteration of the letter S, inimitably expreſs the motion and ſound of a great heavy bell. We almoſt think we hear it,

Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar. *Newton.*

Over ſome wide water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear*,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere†
The ſpirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall coming ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower‡

* *Where I may oft out-watch the Bear.*) The conſtellation ſo called, that never ſets. *Newton.*

† *With thrice great Hermes.*) *Hermes Triſmegiſtus.* The Egyptian philoſopher, flouriſhed a little after Moſes. He maintained the truth of one God againſt the idolatry and polytheiſm of his countrymen. *Peck.*

‡ *Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower.*) The poet Muſæus makes the moſt diſtinguiſhed figure in Virgil's Elyſium, En. VI. 667. *Newton.*

Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes, as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold *,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolid tunes have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil ſuited morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc'd as ſhe was wont †
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

* *The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold.*) He means Chaucer and his Squire's tale. *Newton.*

† *Not* TRICKT *and* FROUNC'D *as ſhe was wont.*) *Trickt* ſignifies *dreſs*. *Frounc'd*, criſped, curled, frizzled. *Newton*

There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thie,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th'unſeen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures Melancholy give.
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

Vol. IV. p. 63.

The Arrival of SATAN *at Hell; and the Allegory of* SIN *and* DEATH *.

SATAN with thoughts inflam'd of high'ſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and tow'rds the gates of hell
Explores his ſolitary flight; ſometimes
He ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſometimes the left,
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at ſea a fleet deſcry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Cloſe ſailing from Bengala, or the iſles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their ſpicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, ſtemming nightly tow'rd the pole: ſo ſeem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at laſt appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were braſs,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,

* The flight of Satan to the gates of Hell is finely imaged. The genealogy of the ſeveral perſons is contrived with great delicacy; Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring of Sin. The reader will obſerve how naturally the three perſons concerned in this allegory are tempted by one common intereſt to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly Sin is made the portreſs of Hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of tortures. The deſcriptive part of this allegory is likewiſe very ſtrong, and full of ſublime ideas.

Addiſon.

I look upon the ſublimity of Homer, and the majeſty of Virgil with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I uſed to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to ſhew me in the firſt of theſe any thing equal to the allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatneſs and juſtneſs of the inventions, or the height and beauty of the coloring. *Atterbury to Pope.*

Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waiſt, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt, a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of hell hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd,
Within unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant-blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb;
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides; Hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he nor ſhunn'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape,
That dar'ſt, thou grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave aſk'd of thee:

Retire, or taſte thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with ſpirits of heaven.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
Art thou that traitor-Angel, art thou He,
Who firſt broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's ſons,
Conjur'd againſt the Higheſt; for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with Spirits of Heav'n.
Hell-doom'd, and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings;
Leſt with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue
Thy ling'ring, or with one ſtroke of this dart
Strange horror ſeize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So ſpake the griſly terror, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other ſide
Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood
Unterrify'd; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend; and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front,
Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung

Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.
O Father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only Son? What fury, O Son,
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy Father's head? and know'ſt for whom:
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.
She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore; then theſe to her Satan return'd.
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal veal firſt met thou call'ſt
Me Father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my Son:
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.
'T' whom thus the portreſs of Hell-gate reply'd.
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In Heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt Heav'n's King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth; till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of Heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid
At firſt, and call'd me Sin, and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,

I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyſelf in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war aroſe,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loſs and rout
Through all the empyrean, down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I alſo; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my opening. Penſive here I ſat
Alone, but long I ſat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſu'd, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out, Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded, Death.
I fled; but he purſu'd, (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage,) and, ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother, all diſmay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw

My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim Death, my ſon and foe; who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.
She finiſh'd; and the ſubtle Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.
Dear Daughter, ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us, unforeſeen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain
Both him and thee; and all the Heav'nly hoſt
Of Spirits, that in our juſt pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand ſole, and one for all
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immenſe
To ſearch with wand'ring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created vaſt and round; a place of bliſs
In the pourlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd,
Leſt Heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought

Than this more ſecret, now deſign'd, I haſte
To know; and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd,
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd; and bleſs'd his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire.
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantine gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compaſs'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my Father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And tow'rds the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;
Which but herſelf, not all the Stygian powers

Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maſſy iron or ſolid rock with eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus *. She open'd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt,
Under ſpread enſigns marching might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimenſion, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And Chaos, anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.

PARAD. LOST, Book II. p. 139.

* The moſt profound depth of Hell. *Newton.*

MILTON'S *Addreſs to the* SUN.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.

Or hear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? Before the ſun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite *.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne †,
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre ‡,
I ſung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to reaſcend,
Though hard and rare: thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath §,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget

* *Won from the void and formleſs infinite.*) *Void* muſt not here be underſtood as *emptineſs*, for Chaos is deſcribed full of matter; but *void*, as deſtitute of any formed being, void as the earth was when firſt created. *Richardſon.*

† *Through utter and through middle darkneſs.*) Through Hell, which is often called *utter darkneſs*, and through the great gulf between Hell and Heaven, the *middle darkneſs*. *Newton.*

‡ *Orphéan lyre.*) Orpheus made a hymn to Night; which is ſtill extant, he alſo wrote of the creation out of Chaos. Orpheus was inſpired by his mother Caliope only, Milton by the *heavenly Muſe*; therefore he boaſts he ſung with other notes than Orpheus, though the ſubjects were the ſame. *Richardſon.*

§ —— *the flow'ry brooks beneath.*) Kedron and Siloah.

Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides *,
And Tireſias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

PARAD. LOST, Book III.

* Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*.) *Mæonides* is Homer, ſo called from the name of his father Mæon. *Thamyris* was a Thracian by birth, and invented the Doric mood or meaſure.

ADDRESS *from the* DEITY *to his* SON.

O Thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt,

Though laſt created; that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee a while, the whole race loſt.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their nature alſo to thy nature join;
And be thyſelf Man among men on earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's ſon.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee,
As from a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd
As many as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his ſons; thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfy for Man, be judg'd, and die,
And dying riſe, and riſing with him raiſe
His brethren, ranſom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love ſhall outdo helliſh hate
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroys
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor ſhalt thou, by deſcending to aſſume
Man's nature, leſſen or degrade thine own.
Becauſe thou haſt, though thron'd in higheſt bliſs,
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all, to ſave
A world from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being good,
Far more than great or high; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;
Therefore thy humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy manhood alſo to this throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhall reign

Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed univerſal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits; under thee, as head ſupreme,
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended glorioufly from Heav'n
Shalt in the ſky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning Archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages, to the general doom
Shall haſten; ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy ſentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruithful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal ſceptre ſhalt lay by,
For regal ſceptre then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſs'd voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hoſannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent,
Tow'rds either throne they bow, and to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;

Immortal amarant *, a flow'r which once
In Paradiſe, faſt by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but ſoon for man's offence
To Heav'n remov'd, where firſt it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft ſhading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliſs through midſt of Heav'n
Rolls o'er Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream:
With theſe that never fade, the ſpirits elect
Bind their reſplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams;
Now in looſe garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a ſea of jaſper ſhone,
Impurpled with celeſtial roſes ſmil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphony they introduce
Their ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in Heav'n.

PARAD. LOST, Book III. p. 64.

* *Immortal amarant, &c.*) A flower of a purple velvet colour, which though gathered, keeps its beauty when all other flowers fade, recovering its luſtre by being ſprinkled with a little water, as Pliny affirms.

SATAN'S *Addreſs to the* SUN.*

O Thou that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride, and worſe ambition, threw me down,
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs King.
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdeind † ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me high'ſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,

* Satan being now within proſpect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with ſentiments different from thoſe which he diſcovered while he was in Hell. The place inſpires him with thoughts more adapted to it: he reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a ſpeech that is ſoftened with ſeveral tranſient touches of remorſe and ſelf-accuſation: but at length he confirms himſelf in impenitence, and in his deſign of drawing Man into his own ſtate of guilt and miſery. This conflict of paſſions is raiſed with a great deal of art, as the opening of his ſpeech to the Sun is very bold and noble. This ſpeech is, I think, the fineſt that is aſcribed to Satan in the whole Poem. *Addiſon.*

† Diſdain'd.

Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd;
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Had'ſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then, or what t' accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſts ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and ſceptre high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme

In miſery: ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace, my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us outcaſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt:
Evil be thou my good: by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world ſhall know.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 256.

Deſcription of ADAM *and* EVE.

TWO of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majeſty ſeem'd lords of all:
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),
Whence true authority in men: though both

Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd:
For contemplation he, and valor form'd;
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace;
He for God only, ſhe for God in him.
His fair large front and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthian locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the ſlender waiſt
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honor diſhonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity, and ſpotleſs innocence!
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or Angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliеſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain-ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labour than ſuffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholeſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline

On the ſoft downy bank damaſk'd with flowers:
The ſavory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirſted, ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 279.

ADAM's *Addreſs to* EVE, *relative to the Tree of Knowledge, and* EVE's *Reply.*

SOLE partner *, and ſole part, of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all; needs muſt the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſy charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'ſt
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left
Among ſo many ſigns of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given

* *Sole-partner, &c.)* The ſpeeches of theſe two firſt lovers flow equally from paſſion and ſincerity. The profeſſions they make to one another are full of warmth, but at the ſame time founded upon truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of Paradiſe. *Addiſon.*

Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk,
To prune theſe growing plants and tend theſe flowers,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſu'd from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair Creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,

And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan * ; yet methought leſs fair
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee be'ng I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.

So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperior love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flow'rs; and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 290.

* *Under a platan.*) The plane tree, ſo named from the breadth of its leaves; a tree uſeful and delightful for its extraordinary ſhade. *Newton.*

Diſcourſe between ADAM *and* EVE, *retiring to reſt, with the Deſcription of their Bower.*

NOW came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray *
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung:
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphirs: Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in cloudeſt majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve. Fair conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt,
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night, to men
Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;

* This is the firſt evening in the Poem; for the action of the preceding books lying out of the ſphere of the Sun, the time could not be computed. When Satan came firſt to the earth, and made that famous ſoliloquy at the beginning of this book, the Sun was *high in his meridian tower*; and this is the evening of that day; and ſurely there never was a finer evening; words cannot furniſh out a more lovely deſcription. The greateſt Poets in all ages have, as it were, vied one with another in their deſcriptions of evening and night; but for the variety of numbers and pleaſing images, I know of nothing parallel or comparable to this to be found amongſt all the treaſures of ancient or modern poetry. There is no need to point out the beauties of it; it muſt charm every body, who does but read it or hear it.

Newton.

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity.
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our pleaſant labor, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth;
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown, unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe:
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us reſt.
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My Author and Diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargu'd I obey: ſo God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on,
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,

Or glitt'ring ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general anceſtor reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, accompliſh'd Eve,
Theſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Miniſt'ring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things; which theſe ſoft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar * virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe:
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake (and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night †, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.

* —— *ſtellar*, &c.) Relating to the ſtars.

† *Divide the night*, &c.) Into watches, as the trumpet did among the ancients, ſounding as the watch was relieved, which was called *dividing the night*. *Newton.*

Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r: it was a place
Chos'n by the ſov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to Man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin *
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm, durſt enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In ſhadier bower
More ſacred and ſequeſter'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in cloſe receſs,
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs
Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial Angel to our ſire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe inſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,

* *Iris all hues, &c.*) The flower-de-luce ſo called from reſembling the colors of the iris or rainbow.

And ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 306.

WEDDED LOVE.

HAIL wedded Love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from Men
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities *
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Far be it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronoun'd,
Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,

* ——— *all the charities*) All the endearments of conſanguinity and affinity.

Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight-ball,
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.

PARAD. LOST, Book IV. p. 319.

ADAM'S *Morning Salutation*; *and* EVE'S *Account of her Dream.*

NOW morn her roſy ſteps * in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, ſo cuſtom'd, for his ſleep
As airy light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough; ſo much the more

* *Now morn her roſy ſteps, &c.*) This is the morning of the day after Satan's coming to the earth; and as Homer makes the morning with *roſy fingers*, ſo Milton gives her roſy ſteps, and vi. 3. a *roſy hand*. The morn is firſt gray, then roſy upon the nearer approach of the ſun. And ſhe is ſaid to ſow the earth, &c. by the ſame ſort of metaphor as Lucretius ſays of the ſun, II. 211.

——et lumine *conſerit* arva.

Mr. Thyer adds that the ſame allegorical deſcription he remembers to have ſeen in Shakeſpeare, and more poetically expreſſed:

—— The morn in ſaffron robe,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill.

Newton.

Any one acquainted with Shakeſpeare muſt ſee Dr. Newton's error in the firſt line of his quotation, which runs in Hamlet thus:

—— The morn in ruſſet mantle clad.

His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide,
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes *,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus. Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake: the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime †, to mark how ſpring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed;
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam; whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrows next deſign;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night: methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light

* *Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes.*) As when the ſoft weſtern gales breathe on the flowers. Exceeding poetical and beautiful. *Richardſon.*

† The prime of the day.

Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: Heav'n wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd, through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And, as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from Heav'n
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
And O fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor Man? Is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy', or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted: me damp horror chill'd
At ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold.
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it ſeems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, ſince good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou alſo; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'ſt be, worthier can'ſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyſelf a Goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we ſometimes
Aſcend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee

What life the Gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev n to my mouth of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſavory ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep: but O how glad I wak'd,
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam anſwer'd ſad.
Beſt image of myſelf, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung, I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief: among theſe Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, airy ſhapes,
Which reaſon joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining ſhapes,
Wild work produces oft, and moſt in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave

No ſpot or blame behind: which gives me hope:
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do.
Be not diſhearten'd then, nor cloud thoſe looks,
That wont to be more chearful and ſerene,
Than when fair morning firſt ſmiles on the world;
And let us to our freſh employments riſe,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choiceſt boſom'd ſmells,
Reſerv'd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.
So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd;
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their cryſtal ſluice, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haſte:
But firſt, from under ſhady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the ſun, who ſcarce up riſen,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Diſcovering in wide landſkip all the eaſt
Of Paradiſe and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their oriſons, each morning duly paid
In various ſtyle; for neither various ſtyle
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Their Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd, or ſung
Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence
Flow'd from her lips, in proſe or numerous verſe,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more ſweetneſs; and they thus began.

ADAM *and* EVE'S *Oriſons to the* DEITY.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good*
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame.
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe

* *Theſe are thy glorious works*, &c.) The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of thoſe Pſalms, where in the overflowings of gratitude and praiſe the Pſalmiſt calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the moſt conſpicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthuſiaſm, which is ſo natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worſhip, it was in a particular manner ſuitable to our firſt parents, who had the creation freſh upon their minds, and had not ſeen the various diſpenſations of Providence, nor conſequently could be acquainted with thoſe many topics of praiſe, which might afford matter to the devotions of their poſterity. I need not remark the beautiful ſpirit of poetry which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holineſs of that reſolution with which it concludes. *Addiſon.*

In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou
ſall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient Sun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecing ſkirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

PARAD. LOST, Book V. p. 347.

The BATTLE *of* ANGELS.

THE ſhout
Of battle now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt exalted as a God
Th' apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat,
Idol of majeſty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden ſhields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that ſight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O Heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not: wherefore ſhould not ſtrength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt, though to ſight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe reaſon I have try'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it ought but juſt,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that conteſt, and foul,
When reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defy'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finiſhed thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs; but thou ſeeſt
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to diſſent
From all: my ſect thou ſeeſt; now learn too late
How few ſometimes may know, when thouſands err.
Whom the grand foe, with ſcornful eye aſkance,
Thus anſwer'd. Ill for thee, but in wiſh'd hour
Of my revenge, firſt ſought for thou return'ſt
From flight, ſeditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the firſt aſſay
Of this right hand provok'd, ſince firſt that tongue
Inſpir'd with contradiction, durſt oppoſe
A third part of the Gods, in ſynod met,
Their deities to aſſert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'ſt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me ſome plume, that thy ſucceſs may ſhow
Deſtruction to the reſt: this pauſe between
(Unanſwer'd leſt thou boaſt) to let thee know;
At firſt I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly ſouls had been all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſtring Sp'rits, train'd up in feaſt and ſong;
Such haſt thou arm'd, the minſtrelſy of Heav'n.

Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel ſtern reply'd.
Apoſtate, ſtill thou err'ſt, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou depray'ſt it with the name
Of ſervitude to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebell'd
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thyſelf not free, but to thyſelf inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'ſt our miniſtring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In Heav'n God ever bleſt, and his divine
Beheſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd;
Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.
So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſy ſpear upſtay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat,
Half ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeiz'd
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to ſee
Thus foil'd their mightieſt; our joy fill'd, and ſhout,
Preſage of victory, and fierce deſire
Of battle: whereat Michael bid ſound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vaſt of Heav'n
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſanna to the High'ſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd

The horrid ſhock. Now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamour ſuch as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battles main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage: all Heav'n
Reſounded; and had earth been then, all Earth
Had to her center ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring Angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
Army againſt army numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadful conbuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,
From his ſtrong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd ſuch
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt in ſtrength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader ſeem'd
Each warrior ſingle as in chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battle, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war, and various, ſometimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then

Conflicting fire: long time in even ſcale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had ſhown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the ſword of Michael ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two handed ſway,
Brandiſh'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample ſhield,
A vaſt circumference. At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Inteſtine war in Heav'n, the arch-foe ſubdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all inflam'd firſt thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thyſelf,
And thy adherents; how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'n's bleſſed peace, and into nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe? But think not here
To trouble holy reſt; Heav'n caſts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the ſeat of bliſs,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging ſword begin thy doom,
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So ſpake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adverſary. Nor think thou with wind

Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe
Unvanquiſh'd, eaſier to tranſact with me
That thou ſhouldſt hope, imperious, and with threats
To chaſe me hence? Err not, that ſo ſhall end
The ſtriſe which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtyle
The ſtrife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n itſelf into the Hell
Thou fableſt; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have ſought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch height
Of Godlike pow'r? for likeſt gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while expectation ſtood
In horror: from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung.
Two planets, ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition in mid ſky
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.
Together both, with next to' almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor nods appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword

Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan, with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtay'd,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep ent'ring, ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him: but th' ethereal ſuſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of necta'rous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial Spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd, ere while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By Angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh, and deſpite, and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for Spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and color, ſhape, or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.
Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deſerv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound

Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquiſh'd Adramelech *, and Aſmadai,
Two potent Thrones, that to be leſs than Gods
Diſdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghaſtly wounds through plate and mail †.
Nor ſtood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheiſt crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch ‡, and the violence
Of Ramiel ſcorch'd and blaſted overthrew.
I might relate of thouſands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but thoſe elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,
Seek not the praiſe of men: the other ſort
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown leſs eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and ſacred memory,
Nameleſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrength from truth divided, and from juſt,

* *Adramelech.*) Hebrew, *Mighty magnificent King*, one of the idols of Sepharvaim, worſhipped by them in Samaria, when tranſplanted hither by Shalmaneſer. *And the Sepharvites burnt their children in the fire to Adramelech*, 2 Kings xvii. 31. *Aſmadai*, the luſtful and deſtroying Angel Aſmodeus, mentioned Tobit iii. 8. who robbed Sarah of her ſeven huſbands; of a Hebrew word ſignifying to *deſtroy*. *Hume.*

† ——*plate and mail.*) *Plate* is the broad ſolid armour. *Mail* is that compoſed of ſmall pieces like ſhells, or ſcales of fiſh laid one over the other; or ſomething reſembling the feathers as they lie on the bodies of fowl. *Richardſon.*

‡ *Ariel and Arioch.*) Two fierce Spirits, as their names denote. *Ariel* Hebrew, *the lion of God, or a ſtrong lion. Arioch* of the like ſignification, *a fierce and terrible lion. Ramiel* Hebrew, *one that exalts himſelf againſt God.* *Hume.*

Illaudable, naught merits but diſpraiſe
And ignominy, yet to glory aſpires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doom.

PARAD. LOST, Book VI. p. 436.

The ANGELS *Second Battle, and the* MESSIAH'S *Victory on the Third Day.*

NOW when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd*,
Up roſe the Victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet ſung: in arms they ſtood
Of golden panoply†, refulgent hoſt,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and ſcouts each coaſt light-armed ſcour,
Each quarter, to deſcry the diſtant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight;
In motion or in halt: him ſoon they met
Under ſpread enſigns moving nigh, in ſlow
But firm battalion; back with ſpeedieſt ſail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing,
Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

* There is nothing in the firſt and laſt day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas moſt readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of Angels. The ſecond day's engagement is apt to ſtartle an imagination which has not been raiſed and qualified for ſuch a deſcription, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our Author, to aſcribe the firſt uſe of artillery to the rebel Angels. But as ſuch a pernicious invention may be well ſuppoſed to have proceeded from ſuch authors, ſo it entered very properly into the thoughts of that being, who is all along deſcribed as aſpiring to the majeſty of his maker.

Addiſon.

† *Of golden panoply.*) With golden armour from head to foot compleatly armed. *Hume.*

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long purſuit
This day; fear not his flight; ſo thick a cloud
He comes, and ſettled in his face I ſee
Sad reſolution, and ſecure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbed ſhield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling ſhow'r,
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them aware themſelves, and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Inſtant without diſturb they took alarm,
And onward move imbattled: when behold
Not diſtant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching groſs and huge, in hollow cube
Training his deviliſh enginry, impal'd
On every ſide with ſhadowing ſquadrons deep,
To hide the Fraud. At interview both ſtood
A while; but ſuddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breaſt
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe:
But that I doubt; however witneſs Heaven,
Heav'n witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed ſtand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So ſcoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes diſcover'd, new and ſtrange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,

With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Braſs, iron, ſtony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe,
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd;
Not long, for ſudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep-throated engines belch'd, whoſe roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noiſe the air,
And all her entrails tore, diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor hoſt
Level'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,
Though ſtanding elſe as rocks, but down they fell
By thouſands. Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
The ſooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have eaſily, as Spi'rits evaded ſwift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
What ſhould they do? if on they ruſh'd, repulſe
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worſe abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.

O Friends why come not on theſe victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breaſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms

Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe,
If our propoſal once again were heard,
We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus Baliel in like gameſome mood.
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy', and of his thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble: but they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpſe they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be ſure, and terror ſeiz'd the rebel hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engines triple-row

They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſs'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtruggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of ſuch pris'n, though Spirits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe: war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar: horrid confuſion heap'd
Upon confuſion roſe. And now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpread;
Had not th' almighty Father, where he ſits
Shrin'd in his ſanctuary of Heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
Th' aſſeſſor of his throne, he thus began.
  Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by deity I am,
And in whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are paſt,
To days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,
Since Michael and his pow'rs went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient; ſore has been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd:

For to themſelves I left them; and thou know'ſt,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd; which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have ſuffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, ſince none but thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch virtue' and grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare;
And this perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir, and to be King
By ſacred unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then, thou mightieſt, in thy Father's might,
Aſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake Heav'n's baſis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and ſword upon thy puiſſant thigh;
Purſue theſe ſons of darkneſs, drive them out
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God, and Meſſiah his anointed King.
He ſaid, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full expreſs'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the Filial Godhead anſw'ring ſpake.
O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
Firſt, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt; thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is moſt juſt; this I my glory' account,

My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I aſſume;
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of theſe rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down,
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.
So ſaid, he o'er his ſceptre bowing, roſe *
From the right hand of glory where he ſat;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine,
Dawning through Heav'n. Forth ruſh'd with whirl-
wind ſound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars their bodies all

* *So ſaid, he o'er his ſceptre bowing, roſe, &c.*) The deſcription of the Meſſiah's going out againſt the rebel Angels is a ſcene of the ſame ſort with Heſiod's Jupiter againſt the Titans. They are both of them the moſt undoubted inſtances of the true ſublime; but which has exceeded, it is very difficult to determine. There is, I think, a greater profuſion of poetical images in that of the latter; but then the ſuperior characters of a Chriſtian Meſſiah, which Milton has with great judgment and majeſty ſupported in this part of his work, gives a certain air of religious grandeur, which throws the advantage on the ſide of the Engliſh Poet. *Thyer.*

And wings were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between *;
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament,
Whereon a ſaphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the ſhow'ry arch.
He in celeſtial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim †, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd;
And from about him fierce effuſion roll'd
Of ſmoke, and bick'ring flame, and ſparkles dire.
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming ſhone;
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were ſeen.
He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the cryſtalline ſky, in ſaphir thron'd,
Illuſtrious far and wide; but by his own
Firſt ſeen: then unexpected joy ſurpris'd,
When the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd
Aloft by Angels borne, his ſign in Heav'n;
Under whoſe conduct Michael ſoon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obſequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh flow'rets hill and valley ſmil'd.
This ſaw his hapleſs foes, but ſtood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs
Inſenſate, hope conceiving from deſpair.
In heav'nly Spirits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?

* —— *the wheels of beril, and careering fires between*;) The *beril* is a precious ſtone of a ſea-green color, and *careering fires* are lightnings darting out by fits.

† *Urim* ſignifies *light*.

But to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might moſt reclaim,
Grieving to ſee his glory, at the ſight
Took envy; and aſpiring to his height,
Stood reimbattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper, and at length prevail
Againſt God and Meſſiah, or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt *; and now
To final battle drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his hoſt on either hand thus ſpake.
Stand ſtill in bright array, ye Saints, here ſtand,
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle reſt;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe;
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly: but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; ſtand only, and behold
God's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied; againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t' whom in Heav'n ſupreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,
Hath honor'd me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In battle which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.
So ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His countenance too ſevere to be beheld,

* Dr. Bentley, reads *loſt*.

And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyréan ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues: they aſtoniſh'd all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er ſhields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtrate,
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd Four
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd.
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heav'n;
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And cryſtal wall of Heav'n; which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep: the monſtrous ſight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worſe

Urg'ſt them behind; headlong themſelves they threw.
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.
Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe, Hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict Fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And left tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Diſburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulſion of his foes
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd;
To meet him all his ſaints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthieſt to reign; he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.

PARAD. LOST, Book VI. p. 474.

Formation of the WORLD, *and* MAN, *related by* RAPHAEL, *to* ADAM.

THE Son on his great expedition now appeared *,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord; Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.

* The Meſſiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the worlds were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, ſurrounded with an hoſt of Angels, and cloathed with ſuch a majeſty, as becomes his entering upon a work, which according to our conceptions, appears the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful deſcription has our Author raiſed upon that hint in one of the Prophets! *And beheld there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of braſs.* Zech. vi. 1. I have before taken notice of theſe chariots of God, and of the gates of Heaven; and ſhall here only add, that Homer gives us the ſame idea of the latter, as opening of themſelves; though he afterwards takes off from it by telling us, that the *Hours* firſt of all removed thoſe prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them. *Addiſon.*

On heav'nly ground they ſtood *, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault,
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end;
Nor ſtay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice; him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things;
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs; but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverſe to life; then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place

* *On heav'nly ground they ſtood, &c.)* I do not know any thing in the whole poem more ſublime than the deſcription which follows, where the Meſſiah is repreſented at the head of his Angels, as looking down on the Chaos, calming its confuſion, riding into the midſt of it, and drawing the firſt out-line of the creation.

Addiſon.

Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her center hung.
Let there be light, ſaid God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native eaſt
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere
Divided: light the day, and darkneſs night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn,
Nor paſt uncelebrated *; nor unſung
By the celeſtial quires, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works. Creator him they ſung,
Both when firſt ev'ning was, and when firſt morn.
Again, God ſaid, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters; and God made
The firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great round; partition firm and ſure,
The waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing; for as earth, ſo he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Cryſtalline ocean, and the loud miſrule

* *Nor paſt uncelebrated, &c.*) The beauties of deſcription lie ſo very thick, that it is almoſt impoſſible to enumerate them. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The ſeveral great ſcenes of the creation riſe up to view one after another, in ſuch a manner, that the reader ſeems preſent at this wonderful work, and to aſſiſt among the quires of Angels, who are the ſpectators of it. How glorious is the concluſion of the firſt day.

Addiſon.

Of Chaos far remov'd, leſt fierce extremes
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament; ſo ev'n
And morning chorus ſung the ſecond day.
The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not; over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour ſoft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moiſture; when God ſaid,
Be gathered now ye waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huze appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky;
So high as heav'd, the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters; thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry;
Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift floods; as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to their ſtandard, ſo the watry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing; nor withſtood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;
Eaſy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within thoſe banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd ſeas;
And ſaw that it was good, and ſaid, Let th' earth

Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,
And fruit tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whoſe ſeed is in herſelf upon the earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth, till then
Deſart and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flow'r'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth flouriſh'd thick the cluſt'ring vine, forth crept
The ſmelling gourd, up ſtood the corny reed
Imbattled in her field, and th' humble ſhrub,
And buſh with frizzl'd hair implicit: laſt
Roſe as in dance the ſtately trees, and ſpread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their bloſſoms *: with high woods the hills were crown'd
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain ſide,
With borders long the rivers; that earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a ſeat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy miſt
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green ſtem; God ſaw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.
Again th' Almighty ſpake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanſe of Heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for ſigns,
For ſeaſons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n
To give light on the Earth; and it was ſo.

* Put forth their bl ſſoms,——to bud forth. *Hume.*

And God made two great lights, great for their uſe
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
The leſs by night altern; and made the ſtars,
And ſet them in the firmament of Heav'n
To' illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their viciſſitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good;
For of celeſtial bodies firſt the ſun
A mighty ſphere he fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
Though of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
And ſow'd with ſtars the Heav'n thick as a field;
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns:
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades * before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon,
But oppoſite in levell'd weſt was ſet,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light

* The Pleiades are ſeven ſtars in the neck of the conſtellation Taurus, which riſing about the time of the vernal equinox, are called by the Latins *Vergiliæ*. Our poet therefore in ſaying that the Pleiades danced before the ſun at his creation, intimates very plainly that the creation was in the ſpring according to the common opinion. *Newton.*

From him, for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines.
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere; then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that ſet and roſe,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And God ſaid, Let the waters generate
Reptile with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas
And lakes, and running ſtreams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the ſounds and ſeas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals
Of fiſh, that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave,* in ſculls that oft
Bank the mid ſea; part ſingle or with mate
Graze the ſea-weed their paſture, and through groves
Of coral ſtray, or ſporting with quick glance,
Show to the ſun their way'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch; on ſmooth the ſeal,
And bended dolphins play; part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempeſt the ocean; there leviathan,

* ——— *in ſculls that oft*
Bank the mid ſea;) Shoals of fiſh ſo vaſt, that they appear like mighty banks in the midſt of the ſea. *Sculls* and *ſhoals* are vaſt multitudes of fiſh, of the Saxon *ſceole*, an aſſembly. *Hume.*

Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, ſleeps or ſwims,
And ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and ſhores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge
They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime,
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
On cliffs and cedar tops their * eyries build:
Part looſely wing the region, part more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way †,
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their airy caravan high over ſeas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes;
From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong
Solac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
Till ev'n; nor then the ſolemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
Others on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breaſt; the ſwan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons, tower
The mid aereal ſky; others on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours, and th' other whoſe gay train

* Their neſt.

† ——— *rang'd in figure wedge their way.*) Pliny has deſcribed certain birds of paſſage, flying in the form of a wedge, and ſpreading wider and wider. Thoſe behind reſt upon thoſe before, till the leaders being tired are in their turn received into the rear.

Newton.

Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry' eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn ſolemniz'd the fifth day.
The ſixth, and of creation laſt aroſe
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God ſaid,
Let th' earth bring forth ſoul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and th' beaſt of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and ſtrait
Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown; out of the ground up roſe,
As from his lair, the wild beaſt where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd,
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad herds upſprung.
The graſſy clods now calv'd *, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head; ſcarce from his mold
Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth, upheav'd
His vaſtneſs; fleec'd the flocks and bleating roſe,
As plants; ambiguous between ſea and land
The river-horſe and ſcaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or worm; thoſe wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of ſummer's pride,

* Dr. Pearce juſtly obſerves, to *calve* (from the Belgic word *Kalven*) ſignifies to bring forth; it is a general word, and does not relate to cows only; for *hinds* are ſaid to *calve* in Job xxxix. 1. and Pſalm xxix. 9. *Newton*

With ſpots of gold and purple, azure and green;
Theſe as a line their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace; not all
Minims * of nature; ſome of ſerpent-kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their ſnaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parſimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in ſmall room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of juſt equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty; ſwarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her huſband drone
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen cells
With honey ſtor'd; the reſt are numberleſs,
And thou their natures know'ſt, and gav'ſt them names,
Needleſs to thee repeated; nor unknown
The ſerpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field,
Of huge extent ſometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her glory ſhone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great firſt Mover's hand
Firſt wheel'd their courſe; earth in her rich attire
Conſummate lovely ſmil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fiſh, beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the ſixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the maſter-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With ſanctity of reaſon, might erect
His ſtature, and upright with front ſerene
Govern the reſt, ſelf-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correſpond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Deſcends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes

* The word was in uſe before for an order of Fryars, *Minim minimi*, ſo called from affected humility. *Newton.*

Directed in devotion, to adore
And worſhip God ſupreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Preſent?) thus to his Son audibly ſpake.
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the fiſh and fowl of ſea and air,
Beaſt of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This ſaid, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Duſt of the ground, and in thy noſtrils breath'd
The breath of life: in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living ſoul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Female for race; then bleſs'd mankind, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fiſh of the ſea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;
And freely all their pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee; all ſorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which taſted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt;
Death is the penalty impos'd; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leſt Sin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day;
Yet not till the Creator from his work

Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),
The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending. He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege

Hath Omnipreſence), and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things; and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſev'nth day,
As reſting on that day from all his work,
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work, and reſted not; the ſolemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire *
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe clouds
Fuming from golden cenſers, hid the mount.
Creation and the ſix days acts they ſung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r; what thought can meaſure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant-Angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnifi'd, but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? Eaſily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apoſtate, and their counſels vain
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made world, another Heav'n,
From Heav'n gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline †, the glaſſy ſea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
Numerous, and every ſtar perhaps a world
Of deſtin'd habitation; but thou know'ſt

* *All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire*) On the finger-board of a baſs-viol, for inſtance, are diviſions athwart, by which the ſound is regulated and varied. Theſe diviſions are called frets. *Richardſon.*

† The glaſſy ſea.

Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of Men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleaſant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
And ſons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell,
And worſhip him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in ſea, or air,
And multiply a race of worſhippers
Holy and juſt: thrice happy, if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright.
So ſung they, and the empyréan rung
With Halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.

PARAD. LOST, Book VII. p. 21.

ADAM'S *Account of himſelf to* RAPHAEL.

AS new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep *
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun

* *As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep, &c.*) Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and ſentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he repreſent the poſture in which he found himſelf, the beautiful landſkip that ſurrounded him, and the gladneſs of heart which grew up in him on that occaſion? Adam is afterwards deſcribed as ſurpriſed at his own exiſtence, and taking a ſurvey of himſelf, and of all the works of nature. He likewiſe is repreſented as diſcovering by the light of reaſon, that he and every thing about him muſt have been the effect of ſome being infinitely good and powerful, and that this being had a right to his worſhip and adoration. His firſt addreſs to the ſun, and to thoſe parts of the creation which made the moſt diſtinguiſhed figure, is very natural and amuſing to the imagination. His next ſentiment, when upon his firſt going to ſleep he fancies himſelf loſing his exiſtence, and falling away into nothing, can never be ſufficiently admired. His dream, in which he ſtill preſerves the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence, together with his removal into the garden, which

Soon dry'd, and on the reaking † moiſture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion, up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from that cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r pre-eminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,

was prepared for his reception, are alſo circumſtances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in ſacred ſtory. Theſe and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the ſame time that they have all the graces of nature. They are ſuch as none but a great Genius could have thought of, though, upon the peruſal of them, they ſeem to riſe of themſelves from the ſubject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing. *Addiſon.*

† —— *reaking*) or reeking, is the ſame as ſteaming or ſmoking from the Saxon *Reec*, ſmoke. This idea is not the moſt delicate. *Newton.*

And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light, when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank, profuſe of flowers,
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,
Firſt Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt Father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody mountain; whoſe high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodlieſt trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I ſaw
Of earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Loaden with faireſt fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Preſence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me, and Whom thou ſought'ſt I am,
Said mildly, Author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine

To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth;
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence; for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſs'd, inevitably thou ſhalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy ſtate
Shalt loſe, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his clear aſpect
Return'd, and gracious purpoſe thus renew'd.
Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in ſea, or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl.
In ſign whereof each bird and beaſt behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
Of fiſh within their watry reſidence,
Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
Their element, to draw the thinner air.
As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
Approaching two and two, theſe cowring low
With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature, with ſuch knowledge God endu'd
My ſudden apprehenſion. But in theſe
I found not what methought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly viſion thus preſum'd.
O by what name, for thou above all theſe,

Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to Man? for whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal,
Thou haſt provided all things: but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.
What call'ſt thou ſolitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'ſt thou not
Their language and their ways? they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I, with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs,
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl

So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs'd
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me, or like; equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe,
Save with the creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferior, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd; I lowly anſwer'd. To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyſelf art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not ſo is Man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldſt propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers abſolute, though one;
But Man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity.
Thou in thy ſecrecy although alone,
Beſt with thyſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication, yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd:
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I imbolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine.
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing, not of beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill: I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone;
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou couldſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy otherſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.
He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to the height
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe
Dazzled and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up, and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,

That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love, and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: on ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage-rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf
Before me: Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.
She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or, to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd:
I follow'd her, ſhe what was honor knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd

My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bow'r
I led her bluſhing like the morn; all Heav'n
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the Earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odors from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the evening-ſtar
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

PARAD. LOST, Book VIII. p. 86.

EVE'S *Aſcendency over* ADAM, RAPHAEL'S *Advice to him, relative to his Conduct towards her, and* ADAM'S *Reply.*

——————WHEN I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcount'nanc'd, and like folly ſhows;
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs, their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
Accuſe not Nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident
Of wiſdom, ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thyſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo,
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honoring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection. Weigh with her thyſelf;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than ſelf-eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well-manag'd; of that ſkill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her ſhows:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honor thou may'ſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame vouchſaf'd
To cattle and each beaſt; which would not be
To them made common, and divulg'd if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What high'r in her ſociety thou find'ſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not,
Wherein true love conſiſts not: love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his ſeat
In reaſon, and is judicious; is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'ſt aſcend;
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure; for which cauſe
Among the beaſts no meat for thee was found.

To whom thus half abaſh'd Adam reply'd.
Neither her outſide form'd ſo fair, nor ought

In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem),
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not: I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'ſt me not, for love thou ſay'ſt
Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide:
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk.
Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how their love
Expreſs they, by looks only, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the Angel, with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy red, love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt
Us happy, and without love no happineſs,
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'ſt,
(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, excluſive bars:
Eaſier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need,
As fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.
But I can now no more; the parting ſun
Beyond the earth's green Cape* and verdant iſles

* Beyond Cape de Verd, the moſt weſtern point of Africa, *and verdant Iſles*, the iſlands of Cape de Verd, a knot of ſmall iſlands

Heſperian ſets, my ſignal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happy', and love; but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leſt paſſion ſway
Thy judgment to do ought, which elſe free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy ſons,
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoice,
And all the Bleſt; ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to tranſgreſs repel.

PARAD. LOST, Book VIII. p. 110.

iſlands lying off Cape de Verd, ſubject to the Portugueſe. *Heſperian ſets*, ſets weſtward, from Heſperus the evening ſtar appearing there, *my ſignal to depart*, for he was only to ſtay till the evening.

ADAM'S *Advice to* EVE, *to avoid Temptation.*

O Woman, beſt are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much leſs Man,
Or ought that might his happy ſtate ſecure,
Secure from outward force; within himſelf
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r;
Againſt his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reaſon, is free, and reaſon he made right,
But bid her well beware, and ſtill erect,
Leſt by ſome fair appearing good ſurpris'd
She dictate falſe, and miſinform the will

To do what God expreſsly hath forbid.
Not then miſtruſt, but tender love injoins,
That I ſhould mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we ſubſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve,
Since reaſon not impoſſibly may meet
Some ſpecious object by the foe ſuborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and moſt likely if from me
Thou ſever not; trial will come unſought.
Would'ſt thou approve thy conſtancy? approve
Firſt thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted, who atteſt?
But if thou think, trial unſought may find
Us both ſecurer than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt,
Go; for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou haſt of virtue, ſummon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

PARAD. LOST, Book IX. p. 153.

GOD'S *Sentence in* PARADISE.

——— FROM his radiant ſeat he roſe
Of high collateral glory; him Thrones and Pow'rs
Princedoms, and Dominions miniſtrant
Accompanied to Heaven gate, from whence
Eden and all the coaſt in proſpect lay.
Down he deſcended ſtrait: the ſpeed of Gods
Time counts not, though with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.
Now was the ſun in weſtern cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour

To fan the earth now wak'd, and uſher in
The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came, the mild judge and interceſſor both,
To ſentence Man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by ſoft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his preſence hid themſelves among
The thickeſt trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming ſeen far off? I miſs thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with ſolitude,
Where obvious duty' ere while appear'd unſought:
Or come I leſs conſpicuous, or what change
Abſents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him Eve more loath, though firſt
To' offend; diſcount'nanc'd both, and diſcompos'd:
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And ſhame, and perturbation, and deſpair,
Anger, and obſtinacy', and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam falt'ring long, thus anſwer'd brief.
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myſelf. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.
My voice thou oft haſt heard, and haſt not fear'd,
But ſtill rejoic'd; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who
Hath told thee? haſt thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou ſhouldſt not eat?
To whom thus Adam ſore beſet reply'd.
O Heav'n! in evil ſtrait this day I ſtand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myſelf the total crime, or to accuſe
My other ſelf, the partner of my life;
Whoſe failing, while her faith to me remains,
I ſhould conceal, and not expoſe to blame
By my complaint: but ſtrict neceſſity

Subdues me, and calamitous conſtraint,
Leſt on my head both ſin and puniſhment,
However inſupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though ſhould I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldſt eaſily detect what I conceal.
This Woman, whom thou mad'ſt to be my help,
And gav'ſt me as thy perfect gift, ſo good,
So fit, ſo acceptable, ſo divine,
That from her hand I could ſuſpect no ill;
And what ſhe did, whatever in itſelf,
Her doing ſeem'd to juſtify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the Sov'ran Preſence thus reply'd.
Was ſhe thy God, that her thou didſt obey
Before his voice? or was ſhe made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didſt reſign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God ſet thee' above her, made of thee
And for thee, whoſe perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy ſubjection; and her gifts
Were ſuch as under government well ſeem'd,
Unſeemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And perſon, hadſt thou known thyſelf aright.
So having ſaid, he thus to Eve in few.
Say, Woman, what is this which thou have done?
To whom ſad Eve with ſhame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confeſſing ſoon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abaſh'd reply'd.
The ſerpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on the accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to tranſfer
The guilt on him who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; juſtly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know

Concern'd not man, (ſince he no further knew),
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at laſt
To Satan firſt in ſin his doom apply'd,
Though in myſterious terms, judg'd as then beſt:
And on the ſerpent thus his curſe let fall.
Becauſe thou haſt done this thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beaſt of the field;
Upon thy belly grov'ling thou ſhalt go,
And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her ſeed;
Her ſeed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe his heel.
So ſpake this oracle, then verify'd
When Jeſus ſon of Mary, ſecond Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the air; then riſing from his grave
Spoil'd Principalities and Pow'rs, triumph'd
In open ſhow, and with aſcenſion bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itſelf of Satan long uſurp'd:
Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet;
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruiſe.
And to the woman thus his ſentence turn'd.
Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth; and to thy huſband's will
Thine ſhall ſubmit: he over thee ſhall rule.
On Adam laſt thus judgment he pronounc'd.
Becauſe thou' haſt hearken'd to the' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſay'ing, Thou ſhalt not eat thereof:
Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake; thou in ſorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns alſo' and thiſtles it ſhall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou ſhalt eat th' herb of the field.
In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread,
'Till thou return unto the ground; for thou

Out of the ground waſt taken, know thy birth,
For duſt thou art, and ſhalt to duſt return.

PARAD. LOST, Book X. p. 224.

ADAM'S *Soliloquy after his* FALL.

O Miſerable of happy'! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me ſo late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of bleſſed? hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happineſs! yet well, if here would end
The miſery; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings: but this will not ſerve;
All that I eat or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increaſe and multiply*,
Now death to hear! for what can I increaſe
Or multiply, but curſes on my head?
Who of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head? Ill fare our anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration: ſo beſides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradiſe, dear bought with laſting woes!
Did I requeſt thee, Maker, from my clay
To mold me Man? did I ſolicit thee
From darkneſs to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will

Concurr'd not to my be'ing, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I ſought not. To the loſs of that,
Sufficient penalty, why haſt thou added
The ſenſe of endleſs woes? inexplicable
Thy juſtice ſeems; yet, to ſay truth, too late
I thus conteſt; then ſhould have been refus'd
Thoſe terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didſt accept them; wilt thou' enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy ſon
Prove diſobedient and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didſt thou beget me'? I ſought it not:
Wouldſt thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuſe? yet him not thy election,
But natural neceſſity, begot.
God made thee' of choice his own, and of his own
To ſerve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy puniſhment then juſtly' is at his will.
Be' it ſo, for I ſubmit; his doom is fair,
That duſt I am, and ſhall to duſt return.
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible? how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap? there I ſhould reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worſe
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Purſues me ſtill, leſt all I cannot die;
Leſt that pure breath of life, the ſpi'rit of Man

Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life
And ſin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath alſo? be it, Man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrath without end on Man whom death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as argument
Of weakneſs, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
For anger's ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſh'd Man, to ſatisfy his rigour
Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
His ſentence beyond duſt, and nature's law,
By which all cauſes elſe according ſtill
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own ſphere. But ſay
That death be not one ſtroke, as I ſuppoſ'd,
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuity: Ah me, that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceleſs head; both Death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part ſingle, in me all
Poſterity ſtands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I muſt leave ye, Sons; O were I able
To waſte it all myſelf, and leave ye none!
So diſinherited how would you bleſs
Me, now your curſe! Ah, why ſhould all mankind

For one man's fault thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
If guiltleſs? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
Not to do only, but to will the ſame
With me? how can they then acquitted ſtand
In ſight of God? Him after all diſputes
Forc'd I abſolve: all my evaſions vain,
And reaſonings, though through mazes, lead me ſtill
But to my own conviction; firſt and laſt
On me, me only, as the ſource and ſpring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath. Fond wiſh! couldſt thou ſupport
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus what thou deſir'ſt,
And what thou fear'ſt, alike deſtroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miſerable
Beyond all paſt example and future,
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O conſcience, into what abyſs of fears
And horrors haſt thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

PARAD. LOST, Book X. p. 283.

CHRIST *interceding with his Father for* ADAM, *and the* ALMIGHTY'S *Reply.*

SEE, Father, what firſt fruits on earth are ſprung
From thy implanted grace in man, theſe ſighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden cenſer mix'd
With incenſe, I thy Prieſt before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleaſing ſavour from thy ſeed

Soon with contrition in his heart, than thoſe
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradiſe could have produc'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To ſupplication; hear his ſighs though mute:
Unſkilful with what words to pray, let me,
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit thoſe
Shall perfect: and for theſe my death ſhall pay.
Accept me, and in me from theſe receive
The ſmell of peace tow'ard mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at leaſt his days
Number'd, though ſad, till death, his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverſe),
To better life ſhall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliſs,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.
To whom the Father, without cloud, ſerene.
All thy requeſt for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy requeſt was my decree.
But longer in that Paradiſe to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Thoſe pure immortal elements, that know
No groſs, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a diſtemper, groſs to air as groſs,
And mortal food, as may diſpoſe him beſt
For diſſolution wrought by ſin, that firſt
Diſtemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at firſt with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happineſs
And immortality: that fondly loſt,
This other ſerv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death; ſo death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in ſharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to ſecond life,

Wak'd in the renovation of the juſt,
Reſigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.

PARAD. LOST, Book XI. p. 318.

LYCIDAS*.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſere,
I come to pluck your berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for Lycidas? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhime.
He muſt not float upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.
Begin then, Siſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of Jove doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favor my deſtin'd urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhroud.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,

* In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drown'd in his paſſage from Cheſter, on the Iriſh ſeas, 1637; and by occaſion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

Fed the ſame flock by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the ſtar that roſe, at evening, bright,
Tow'ard Heav'n's deſcent had ſlop'd his weſtring wheel.
Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our ſong.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and deſert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy ſoft lays.
As killing as the canker to the roſe,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or froſt to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loſs to ſhepherds ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe herſelf that Orpheus bore,
The Muſe herſelf for her inchanting ſon,
Whom univerſal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift Hebrus to the Leſbian ſhore?
Alas! what boots it with inceſſant care
To tend the homely ſlighted ſhepherd's trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe?
Were it not better done as others uſe,
To ſport with Amaryllis in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpi'rit doth riſe
(That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſt'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuſe, and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth-ſliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the herald of the ſea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He aſk'd the waves, and aſk'd the fellon winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage Hippotades their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her ſiſters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend ſire, went footing ſlow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flow'r inſcribed with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two maſſy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his mitr'd locks, and ſtern beſpake,
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Enow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold:
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it then? What need they? They are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipes of wretched ſtraw;
The hungry ſheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwol'n with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return Alpheus, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; return Sicilian Muſe,
And call the vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their bells, and flourets of a thouſand hues.
Ye Valleys low, where the mild whiſpers uſe
Of ſhades, and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,

On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart ſtar ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Being the rathe primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeſſamine,
The white-pink, and the panſy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well attir'd woodbine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flow'r that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid amarantus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrow the laureat herſe where Lycid lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ay me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding ſeas
Waſh far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great viſion of the guarded mount
Looks tow'ard Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapleſs youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new ſpangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky:
So Lycidas ſunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other ſtreams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,

And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial ſong,
In the bleſt kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In ſolemn troops, and ſweet ſocieties,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now Lycidas, the ſhepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompenſe, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus ſang the uncouth ſwain to th' oaks and rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with ſandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the ſun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the weſtern bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to freſh woods, and paſtures new.

Vol. IV. p. 184.

VIRTUE, WISDOM, *and* CONTEMPLATION.

VIRTUE could ſee to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though ſun and moon
Were in the flat ſea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retir'd ſolitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe Contemplation
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breaſt
May ſit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,

Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 124.

MEDITATION *and* BEAUTY.

MUSING Meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſert cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a ſenate houſe;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple diſh,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Heſperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold Incontinence.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 125.

CHASTITY.

SHE that has that, is clad in complete ſteel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge foreſts, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and ſandy perilous wilds,
Where through the ſacred rays of Chaſtity,
No ſavage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer
Will dare to ſoil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very deſolation dwells

By grots, and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blue meager hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,
No goblin, or ſwart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old ſchools of Greece
To teſtify the arms of Chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs Dian her dread bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted queen, for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods an men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was queen o' th' woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed Gorgon ſhield,
That wiſe Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace that daſh'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is ſaintly Chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by lewd and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,

The ſoul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in charnal vaults, and ſepulchres,
Ling'ring, and ſitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 128.

PHILOSOPHY.

HOW charming is divine Philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns.

Ibid. p. 133.

TRUE LIBERTY.

——————TRUE Liberty
Is loſt, which always with right reaſon dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being;
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart paſſions catch the government
From reaſon, and to ſervitude reduce
Man till then free.

PARAD. LOST, Book XII. p. 400.

The MESSIAH'S *Opinion of* EARTHLY GLORY *and* PRAISE.

WHAT is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praiſe, if always praiſe unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, ſcarce worth the praiſe?
They praiſe and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by ſuch extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be diſprais'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.

PARAD. REGAIN'D, Book III. p. 137.

The MESSIAH'S *Opinion of* EARTHLY WARRIORS.

THEY err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by aſſault: what do theſe worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and inſlave
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring or remote,
Made captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereſoe'er they rove,

And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy,
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worſhipt with temple, prieſt and ſacrifice;
One is the ſon of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqu'ror Death diſcovers them ſcarce men,
Rolling in brutiſh vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful death their due reward.

PARAD. REGAIN'D, Book III. p. 39.

PROWESS *of* BODY *and* MIND.

O H how comely it is, and how reviving
To the ſpirits of juſt men long oppreſs'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppreſſor,
The brute and boiſt'rous force of violent men
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to purſue
The righteous and all ſuch as honor truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celeſtial vigor arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them uſeleſs, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who ſurpris'd
Loſe their defence diſtracted and amaz'd.

SAMSON AGONISTES, Vol. III. p. 292.

On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakeſpear for his honor'd bones
The labor of an age in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtarry-pointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument.
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow endeavoring art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo ſepulcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die.

Vol. IV. p. 45.

SONG: *On* MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the eaſt, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe.
Hail bounteous May that doſt inſpire
Mirth and youth and warm deſire;
Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

Vol. IV. p. 44.

VIRTUE *and* EVIL.

VIRTUE may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory:
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettled to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſum'd: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 143

PATIENCE.

MANY are the ſayings of the wiſe
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the trueſt fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Conſolatories writ
With ſtudy'd argument, and much perſuaſion ſought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their ſound
Little prevails, or rather ſeems a tune
Harſh, and of diſſonant mood from his complaint;
Unleſs he feel within
Some ſource of conſolation from above,
Secret refreſhings, that repair his ſtrength,
And fainting ſpirits uphold.

SAMSON AGONISTES, Vol. IV. p. 253.

SONNET. *On his deceaſed* WIFE.

METHOUGHT I ſaw my late eſpouſed ſaint
Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband gave,
Reſcued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old Law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

Vol. IV. p. 235.

SPIRITS.

——————SPIRITS when they pleaſe
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure;
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chuſe
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their airy purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

PARAD. LOST, Book I. p. 13.

PAIN.

——————WHAT avails
Valour or ſtrength, though matchleſs, quell'd with pain
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils; and exceſſive, overturns
All patience.

PARAD. LOST, Book VI. p. 150.

HYPOCRISY.

NEITHER man or angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only' evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through heav'n and earth:
And oft though Wiſdom wake, Suſpicion ſleeps
At Wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs think no ill
Where no ill ſeems.

PARAD. LOST, Book III. p. 76.

The LADY *reproving* COMUS.

I HATE when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impoſtor, do not charge moſt innocent Nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous
With her abundance; ſhe good catereſs
Means her proviſion only to the good,
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare temperance:
If every juſt man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that which lewdly pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon ſome few with vaſt exceſs,
Nature's full bleſſings would be well diſpens'd
In unſuperfluous even proportion,
And ſhe no whit incumber'd with her ſtore,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praiſe due paid; for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Crams, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Againſt the ſun-clad pow'r of Chaſtity,
Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt not ear, nor ſoul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery,
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhould'ſt not know
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That have ſo well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyſelf convinc'd;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrouled worth

Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rapt ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
ſhake,
Till all thy magic ſtructures rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o'er thy falſe head.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 159.

SONNET *to the* NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon blooming ſpray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doſt fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of day,
Firſt heard before the ſhallow cuccoo's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief, yet hadſt no reaſon why:
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

Vol. IV. p. 215.

ECHO: A SONG.

SWEET Echo, ſweeteſt nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen,
Within thy aery ſhell,
By ſlow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well;
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in ſome flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the ſphere,
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COMUS, Vol. IV. p. 110.

BELIAL'S *Inſtructions to ſeduce the* MESSIAH, *and* SATAN'S *Reply.*

SET women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
Many are in each region paſſing fair
As the noon ſky; more like to Goddeſſes
Than mortal creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in amorous arts, inchanting tongues
Perſuaſive; virgin majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t'approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
As the magnetic, hardeſt iron draws.
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his wives.

To whom quick anſwer Satan thus return'd.
Belial, in much uneven ſcale thou weigh'ſt
All others by thyſelf ; becauſe of old
Thou thyſelf doat'dſt on womankind, admiring
Their ſhape, their color, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'ſt, but taken with ſuch toys.
For Solomon, he liv'd at eaſe, and full
Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher deſign than to enjoy his ſtate ;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd :
But he whom we attempt is wiſer far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and ſet wholly on th' accompliſhment
Of greateſt things ; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leiſure will vouchſafe an eye
Of fond deſire ? or ſhould ſhe confident,
As ſitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
Deſcend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, ſo fables tell ;
How would one look from his majeſtic brow
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
Diſcount'nance her deſpis'd, and put to rout
All her array ; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe ? for beauty ſtands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive ; ceaſe to' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and ſhrink into a trivial toy,
At every ſudden ſlighting quite abaſh'd :
Therefore with manlier objects we muſt try
His conſtancy, with ſuch as have more ſhow
Of worth, of honor, glory', and popular praiſe.

PARAD. REGAIN'd, Book III. p. 64.

THE

BEAUTIES OF THOMSON.

THE

BEAUTIES of THOMSON.

Departure of Winter.

SEE where ſurly Winter paſſes off
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And winter oft' at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightleſs; ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding marſh, or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſt'ning waſte.
At laſt from Aries rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold,
But full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heav'n.
Forth fly the tepid Airs, and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous th' impatient huſbandman perceives

Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, looſen'd from the froſt:
There unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Mean-while incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.
While thro' the neighb'ring fields the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep, and lib'ral throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.
Be gracious, Heav'n! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye ſoft'ring Breezes, blow!
Ye ſoft'ning Dews, ye tender Showers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the rural Maro ſung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect-tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war, then, with unweary'd hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye gen rous Britons! venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded. As the ſea
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Waſts all the pomp of life into your ports,

So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exub'rant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er ev'ry land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs gran'ry of a world!
Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun,
His force deep darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming pow'r
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever new delight.
From the moiſt meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy-foreſt ſtands diſplay'd
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales,
Where the deer ruſtle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colors of the fluſhing year,
By nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand
The garden glows, and fills the lib'ral air
With laviſh fragrance, while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town,
Bury'd in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps
Oft' let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling drops
From the bent buſh, as through the verdant maze
Of ſweet-brier hedges I purſue my walk,
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy, or aſcend
Some eminence, Auguſta, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpl'd ſhow'r

Of mingled bloſſoms, where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 3.

SPRING *unfolding her* BEAUTIES.

THE north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
Within his iron cave, th' effuſive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heav'n
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhow'rs diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining ether, but by ſwift degrees
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour ſails
Along the loaded ſky, and, mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom,
Not ſuch as wintry ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of ev'ry hope and ev'ry joy,
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem thro' deluſive lapſe
Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike at once
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,

And foreſts ſeem impatient, to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields,
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow
In large effuſion o'er the freſhen'd world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade while Heav'n deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flow'rs, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth,
And while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country color round
Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life,
Till in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the fluſh
Of broken clouds, gay ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſcape laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; there ev'ry muſic wakes,
Mixt in mild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweeten'd zephyr ſprings.
Mean-time refracted from yon' eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe, and ev'ry hue unfolds
In fair proportion running from the red

To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful Newton, the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhow'ry priſm,
And to the ſage inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radient fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amazed
Beholds the amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,
A ſoften'd ſhade and ſaturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thouſand diff'rent plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.
Then ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the pow'r
Of botaniſts to number up their tribes:
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch, or thro' the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way, or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innum'rous mix'd them with the nurſing mould,
The moiſt'ning current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores
Of health and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam;

For their light ſlumbers gently ſum'd away,
And up they roſe as vig'rous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Mean-time the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away; while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs, ſave the ſweet pain
That inly thrilling but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act nor ſurly deed
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of Heav'n,
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatneſs down, as o'er the ſwelling mead
The herds and flocks commixing play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his ſullen joy;
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.
But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their Golden Age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron times,
Theſe dregs of life! Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious pow'rs
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs, and all
Is of the poiſe within. The paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds, and reaſon, half extinct,
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs and deform'd,
Convulſive anger ſtorms at large; or, pale

And ſilent, ſettles into fell revenge.
Baſe envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, looſens ev'ry pow'r.
Ev'n love itſelf is bitterneſs of ſoul,
A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;
Or, ſunk to ſordid intereſt, feels no more
That noble wiſh, that never-cloy'd deſire,
Which, ſelfiſh joy diſdaining, ſeeks alone
To bleſs the dearer object of its flame.
Hope ſickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madneſs ſwells,
Or in dead ſilence waſtes the weeping hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endleſs ſtorm; whence, deeply rankling grows
The partial thought, a liſtleſs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark Diſguſt, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence:
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling, fell
And joyleſs Inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature diſturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 8.

FISHING.

NOW when the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whit'ning, down their moſſy tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-diſſembled fly,

The rod fine tap'ring with elaſtic ſpring,
Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line,
And all thy ſlender watry ſtores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger ſwallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining wretch,
Harſh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, iſſuing cheerful, to thy ſport repair;
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the ſhadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next purſue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave
Their little Naiads love to ſport at large.
Juſt in the dubious point where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly,
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.
Straight as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook;
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore ſlow-dragging ſome,
With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs pray ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heav'n,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw: but ſhould you lure

From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly,
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear:
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſp'rate takes the death
With ſullen plunge: at once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſhelt'ring weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage,
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 16.

NATURE *ſuperior to* FANCY: *And the* POET'S *Invocation to* AMANDA.

——— WHO can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry bud that blows? If Fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah! what ſhall language do? ah! where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colors, and whoſe pow'r,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales,

That inexhauſtive flow continual round?
Yet tho' ſucceſsleſs will the toil delight.
Come then ye virgins and ye youths! whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda! come, pride of my ſong!
Form'd by the Graces, Lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh, come! and while the roſy-footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Freſh-blooming flow'rs to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd boſom, that improves their ſweets.
See, where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores
Irriguous ſpreads. See how the lily drinks
The latent rill, ſcarce oozing thro' the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
In fair profuſion decks. Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon' extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans: Arabia cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy than, lib'ral, thence
Breathes thro' the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd ſoul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure and unnumber'd flow'rs,
The negligence of nature, wide and wild,
Where undiſguis'd by mimic Art, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye:
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Thro' the ſoft air the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inſerted tube
Sucks its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;
And oft', with bolder wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.

At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bow'ry walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps,
Now meets the bended ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The foreſt dark'ning round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders bright with dew,
And in yon' mingled wilderneſs of flow'rs
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms ev'ry grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus, of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flow'r, ſtain'd with iron brown,
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round:
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family; as flies the father-duſt
The varied colors run, and while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes;
Nor Hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhow'r'd from ev'ry buſh, the damaſk roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells,

With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endleſs bloom.
Hail, Source of Being! univerſal Soul
Of heav'n and earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb, who with a maſter-hand
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapp'd in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide, a twining maſs of tubes:
At thy command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, ſpreads
All this innum'rous-color'd ſcene of things.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 19.

LOVE *and* MUSIC *in the feather'd World.*

WHEN firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air; and on the heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint-warbled; but no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent and wide,
Than all, alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the meſſenger of Morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copſe

Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Pending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The truſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes: when liſt'ning Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bull-finch anſwers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flow'ring furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe,
Innum'rous ſongſters in the freſh'ning ſhade
Of new ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Melliſluous; the jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert, while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of Love;
That e'en to birds and beaſts the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try ev'ry winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe in airy rings they rove,
Endeav'ring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Soft'ning, the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach,
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver ev'ry feather with deſire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,

Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety, prompts,
That Nature's great command may be obey'd;
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude, protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts:
Others apart, far in the graſſy dale
Or rough'ning waſte their humble texture weave:
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or ſhaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſooth them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fixt. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes,
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 't is nought
But reſtleſs hurry thro' the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent; and often from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft', when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw; till ſoft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſen'd Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,

Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family! demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring, bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young,
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Ev'n ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of gen'rous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot, amid the diſtant woods
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heav'n,
Oft' as they, weeping, eye their infant train
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they ſcorn; exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the fearful race,
And to the ſimple art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighb'ring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchoolboy. Hence around the head
Of wand'ring ſwain the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excurſion, ſkims the level lawn
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck hence
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen, flutters: pious fraud! to lead
The hot-purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.
Be not the Muſe aſham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its bright'ning luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,

Which, clear and vig'rous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye Friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes! this barb'rous art forbear!
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls,
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping, ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade,
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows thro' the night, and on the bough
Sole ſitting, ſtill at ev'ry dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain, and, weighing oft' their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky,
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh wiſdom never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome ev'ning, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heav'ns, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can ſee
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill
In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe, till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives

Its plumy burden, and their ſelf-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead
Farther and farther on, the length'ning flight,
Till vaniſh'd ev'ry fear, and ev'ry pow'r
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race,
And once rejoicing, never know them more.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 24.

FORCE *of* SPRING *on* MAN.

STILL let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man.
When heav'n and earth, as if contending, vie
To raiſe his being and ſerene his ſoul,
Can he forbear to join the gen'ral ſmile
Of Nature? can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid Sons of Earth!
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only laviſh to yourſelves: away!
But come, ye gen'rous minds! in whoſe wide thought
Of all his works creative Bounty burns
With warmeſt beam, and on your open front
And lib'ral eye ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt Want; nor, till invok'd
Can reſtleſs Goodneſs wait; your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like ſilent-working Heav'n, ſurprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,

Ye flow'r of human race! In theſe green days
Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid head,
Life flows afreſh, and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the pow'r of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought and contemplation ſtill:
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature's works,
And warms the boſom, till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent Deity, and taſte
The joy of God to ſee a happy world!

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 34.

LOVE, REPENTANCE, JEALOUSY, *and* CONNUBIAL BLISS.

FLUSH'D by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom yields
With palpitations wild; kinds tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the kneen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecſtatic pow'r, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah! then, ye Fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts;
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſs'd,
But full of guile: let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will; nor in the bow'r,

Where woodbines ſtaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While Ev'ning draws her crimſon curtains round;
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying Man.
And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love;
Of the ſmooth glance beware; for 't is too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours:
Then Wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away; while the fond ſoul,
Wrapp'd in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive form; the kindling grace,
Th' enticing ſmile, the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying Heav'n,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty and death;
And ſtill falſe-warbling in his cheated ear
Her Syren voice, enchanting draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.
E'en preſent, in the very lap of Love
Inglorious laid, while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine and wanton hours,
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt; a quick returning pang
Shoots thro' the conſcious heart, where honor ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury by fits impatient heave.
But abſent, what fantaſtic woes arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies, and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin fall his ſcorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around, the darken'd ſun
Loſes his light; the roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines, and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct, and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes ev'ry thought,
Fills ev'ry ſenſe, and pants in ev'ry vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends,
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,

Lonely and inattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls; while borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair,
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimm'ring ſhades and ſympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtreams
Romantic hangs: there thro' the penſive duſk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt:
Indulging all to love, or on the bank
Thrown amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirment till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoften'd ſoul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his; or while the world
And all the ſons of Care lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear,
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love,
Where rapture burns on rapture, ev'ry line,
With riſing frenzy fir'd: but if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies:
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy pow'r
In any poſture finds; till the gray Morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt.
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,

And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft' with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks
Sometimes in crowds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd
To ſecret-winding flow'r enwoven bow'rs,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' foreſts huge, and long untravel'd heaths,
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapp'd, or ſhrinks aghaſt
Back from the bending precipice, or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore, where ſuccourleſs and ſad,
She with extended arms his aid implores,
But ſtrives in vain; borne by th' outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks.
Theſe are the charming agonies of love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful miſery no more,
But agony unmix'd, inceſſant gall,
Corroding ev'ry thought, and blaſting all
Love's paradiſe. Ye Fairy Proſpects, then,
Ye Beds of Roſes, and ye Bow'rs of joy,
Farewel! ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
Shine out your laſt! the yellow tinging plague
Internal viſion taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then; inſtead of love enliven'd cheeks,
Of ſunny features, and of ardent eyes,
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aſpect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd ſoul malignant ſits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thouſand fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic views

Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent anguiſh and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail,
Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours
Afreſh her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring love.
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins,
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart;
For ev'n the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds
Thro' flow'ry tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care,
His brighteſt flames extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waſte.
But happy they! the happieſt of their kind;
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings, blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnat'ral oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love,
Where friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt pow'r,
Perfect eſteem, enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence; for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungen'rous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care
Well merited conſume his nights and days:
Let barb'rous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;

Let Eaſtern tyrants from the light of heav'n
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere lifeleſs violated form,
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith
And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all:
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh?
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind or mind-illumin'd face:
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heav'n.
Mean time a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human bloſſom blows, and ev'ry day,
Soft as it rolls along ſhews ſome new charms,
The father's luſtre and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care,
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning ſpirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh! ſpeak the Joy, ye whom the ſudden tear
Surpriſes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the heart;
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe, and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving heav'n.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love,
And thus their moments fly. The ſeaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy, and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garlands on their heads;

Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep:
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

SPRING, Vol. I. p. 37.

MORNING *in* SUMMER; *with the* POET'S ADDRESS *to the* SUN.

WHEN now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the Night,
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching Day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt,
Till far o'er ether ſpreads the wid'ning glow,
And from before the luſtre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd ſtep
Brown Night retires; young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top,
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue thro' the duſk, the ſmoking currents ſhine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps aukward; while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy,
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with Peace he dwells.
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock to taſte the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half,
The fleeting moments of too short a life,
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to fev'rish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves, when ev'ry Muse
And ev'ry blooming pleasure wait without
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?
But yonder comes the powerful King of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The less'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring streams,
High gleaming from a far. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd
In uneffential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!

Without whoſe quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life,
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit, from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam?
  The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of Seaſons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vaſt domain
Annual along the bright ecliptic road
In world-rejoicing ſtate it moves ſublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nation, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn, while round thy beaming car,
High-ſeen, the Seaſons lead, in ſprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy finger'd hours;
The Zephyrs floating looſe, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And ſoften'd into joy the ſurly Storms;
Theſe in ſucceſſive turn with laviſh hand
Show'r ev'ry beauty, ev'ry fragrance ſhow'r,
Herbs, flow'rs, and fruits, till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is fluſh'd the vernal year.
  Nor to the ſurface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
Her lib'ral treſſes, is thy force confin'd,
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The min'ral kinds confeſs thy mighty pow'r.
Effulgent hence the veiny marble ſhines;
Hence labour draws his tools; hence burniſh'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bleſs mankind, and gen'rous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
  Th' unfruitful rock itſelf, impregn'd by thee;
In dark retirement forms the lucid ſtone:
The lively di'mond drinks thy pureſt rays,

Collected light, compact, that poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the fair one's breaſt,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deep ning glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the ſapphire, ſolid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of ev'ning tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow topaz burns;
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of ſpring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green em'rald ſhows: but, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whit'ning opal play thy beams,
Or flying, ſev'ral from its ſurface form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The deſert joys
Wildly thro' all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruin glitters; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe
Unequal far, great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy, below!

SUMMER, Vol. I. p. 48.

NOON *in* SUMMER, HAY-MAKING, *and* SHEEP-SHEARING.

HOME from his morning taſk the ſwain retreats,
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold,
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Shelt'ring, embrace, direct their lazy flight,
Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embow'r'd
All the hot noon, till cooler hours ariſe.
Faint underneath the houſhold fowls convene;
And in a corner of the buzzing ſhade
The houſe-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Outſtretch'd and ſleepy. In his ſlumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale, till waken'd by the waſp
They ſtarting ſnap. Nor ſhall the Muſe diſdain
To let the noiſy ſummer race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her ſong:
Not mean, tho' ſimple, to the Sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad, by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of ſoul. From ev'ry chink
And ſecret corner, where they ſlept away
The wintry ſtorms, or riſing from their tombs
To higher life by myriads forth at once
Swarming they pour, of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty beaming parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand forms, ten thouſand diff'rent tribes,
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome
By fatal inſtinct fly, where on the pool
They ſportive wheel; or, ſailing down the ſtream,

Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout
Or darting ſalmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to ſtray, there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the freſh leaf: luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and viſit ev'ry flow'r
And ev'ry latent herb; for the ſweet taſk
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft beds, their young yet undiſclos'd,
Employs their tender care: ſome to the houſe,
The fold and dairy, hungry bend their flight,
Sip round the pail, or taſte the curdling cheeſe:
Oft', inadvertent from the milky ſtream
They meet their fate, or welt'ring in the bowl
With pow'rleſs wings around them wrapp'd expire.

But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death, where gloomily retir'd
The villain ſpider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcaſſes in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around:
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wand'rer oft
Paſſes, as oft the ruffian ſhews his front:
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line,
And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd; the flutt'ring wing
And ſhriller ſound declare extreme diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable hand.

Reſounds the living ſurface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum
To him who muſes thro' the woods at noon,
Or drowſy ſhepherd as he lies reclin'd.
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade
Of willows grey cloſe-crowding o'er the brook.

Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and ſtrong; full as the ſummer roſe,
Blown by prevailing ſuns, the ruddy maid,

Half naked, ſweelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Ev'n ſtooping Age is here, and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with a fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread their breathing harveſt to the ſun,
That throws refreſhful round a rural ſmell;
Or, as they rake the green appearing ground,
And drive the duſky wave along the mead,
The ruſſet haycock riſes thick behind,
In order gay: while, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee.

Or ruſhing thence, in one diffuſive band
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the ſoft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly ſides; and oft the ſwain,
On ſome, impatient, ſeizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And, panting, labour to the fartheſt ſhore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-waſh'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid ſtream,
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race, where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill, and, toſs'd from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy white the gather'd flocks

Are in the wattled pen innum'rous preſs'd,
Head above head; and rang'd in luſty rows
The ſhepherds ſit, and whet the ſounding ſhears.
The houſewife waits to roll her fleecy ſtores,
With all her gay-dreſs'd maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the reſt, the paſt'ral queen, and rays
Her ſmiles, ſweet beaming, on her ſhepherd king,
While the glad circle round them yield their ſouls
To feſtive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Mean-time their joyous taſk goes on apace;
Some mingling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome
Deep on the new-ſhorn vagrant's heaving ſide
To ſtamp his maſter's cypher ready ſtand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along:
And, glorying in his might, the ſtirdy boy
Holds by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
By needy man, that all depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What ſoftneſs in its melancholy face,
What dumb-complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle Tribes! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid ſlaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender ſwain's well-guided ſhears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will ſend you bounding to your hills again.
A ſimple ſcene! yet hence Britannia ſees
Her ſolid grandeur riſe; hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of ev'ry brighter clime,
The treaſures of the ſun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coaſt:
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

SUMMER, Vol. I. p. 55

THUNDER, LIGHTNING, *and the* STORY *of* CELADON *and* AMELIA.

'TIS liſt'ning fear and dumb amazement all;
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud,
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heav'n
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds; till over-head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide, then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze:
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar.
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heav'n and earth!
Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone deſcending rain. Wide-rent the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke above the ſmould'ring pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs group the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks; with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In Fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tow'r and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs
Wide flaming out, their trembling inmate ſhake.

Amid *Carnarvon*'s mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of *Penmanmaur*, heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and *Snowden*'s peak
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far-ſeen the heights of healthy *Cheviot* blaze,
And *Thulé* bellows thro' her utmoſt iſles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought;
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone;
Her's the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.

They lov'd; but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of Innocence and undiſſembling Truth.
'Twas friendſhip, heighten'd by the mutual wiſh,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf,
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd pow'r
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till in evil hour
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While with each other bleſs'd creative Love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.

In vain aſſuring love and confidence
In Heav'n repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he ſaid,
"Sweet Innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! He, who yon' ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs; and that very voice
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee, ſure, and thus
"To claſp Perfection!" From his void embrace,
Myſterious Heav'n! that moment to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent and for ever ſad.

SUMMER, Vol. I. p. 88.

DAMON *and* MUSIDORA.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat,
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs:
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe murm'ring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Muſidora's cruelty complain'd.

She felt his flame; but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd, ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her down-caſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart,
And if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs then decided thine;
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Muſidora ſought:
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd,
And rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
What ſhall he do? in ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutt'rings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenious elegance of ſoul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire;
But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in virtue! ſay,
Say, ye Severeſt! what would you have done?
Mean-time this fairer nymph than ever bleſs'd
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around
The banks ſurveying, ſtripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood:
Ah, then; not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou, as from the ſnowy leg
And ſlender foot th' inverted ſilk ſhe drew:
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone,
And thro' the parting robe the alterate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſp'rate Youth!
How durſt thou riſk the ſoul-diſtracting view,

As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt hand,
In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted flood
Its lovely gueſt with cloſing waves receiv'd;
And ev'ry beauty ſoft'ning, ev'ry grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed;
As ſhines the lily thro' the cryſtal mild,
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew,
Freſh from Aurora's hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill conceal'd, and now with ſtreaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Riſing again, the latent Damon drew
Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd at laſt
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if ought profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and ſtruggling from the ſhade
With headlong hurry fled; but firſt theſe lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my
"Fair!
"Yet unbeheld ſave by the ſacred eye
"Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild ſurpriſe,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the ſtatue* that enchants the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recov'ring, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes

* The Venus of Medici.

Which bliſsful Eden knew not; and array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd:
But when her Damon's well known hand ſhe ſaw
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train
Of mix'd emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted, even a ſenſe
Of ſelf approving beauty, ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul,
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy:
"Dear Youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
"By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
"Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill, as now
"Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."

SUMMER, Vol. I. p. 94.

EVENING *and* NIGHT *in* SUMMER, *with an* ADDRESS *to* PHILOSOPHY.

CONFESS'D from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All ether ſoft'ning, ſober Evening takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air,
A thouſand ſhadows at her beck. Firſt this
She ſends on earth, then that of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a deeper ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn,

While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn as ſwells the breeze
A whit'ning ſhow'r of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains; thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd ſeeds ſhe wings.
His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs o'er many a panting height,
And valley ſunk and unfrequented, where
At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer night, as village ſtories tell;
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely tow'r
Is alſo ſhunn'd, whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.
Among the crooked lanes on ev'ry hedge
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Ev'ning yields
The world to Night, not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye,
While wav'ring woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
The aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heav'n
Thence weary Viſion turns, where leading ſoft

Theſe ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines; and from her genial riſe,
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrivall'd reigns the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky, or horizontal dart
In wondrous ſhapes, by fearful murm'ring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace
Returning with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends,
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth
With awful train projected o'er the heav'ns
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whoſe godlike minds Philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their pow'rs exult,
That wondrous force of thought which mounting ſpurns
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While from his far excurſion thro' the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent,
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining Love:
From his huge vap'ry train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the num'rous orbs
Thro' which his long ellipſes winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, ſerene Philoſophy! with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong!
Effuſive ſource of evidence and truth!

A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer-noon, and pure as that
Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day.
Hence thro' her nouriſh'd pow'rs, enlarg'd by thee,
She ſprings aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires,
That bind the flutt'ring crowd, and angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the ſtarry regions or th' abyſs
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd:
The firſt up-tracing from the dreary void
The chain of cauſes and effects to him,
The world-producing Eſſence, who alone
Poſſeſſes being; while the laſt receives
The whole magnificence of heav'n and earth,
And ev'ry beauty delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die, the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
A ſavage, roaming thro' the woods and wilds
In queſt of prey, and with the unfaſhion'd fur
Rough-clad, devoid of ev'ry finer art
And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heav'n conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
Mother ſevere of infinite delights;

—Nothing, ſave rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a ſtill-revolving train!
Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
Than nonexiſtence worſe; but thought by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace,
To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all,
Embelliſh life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philoſophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the lib'ral breath
Of potent Heav'n, inviſible, the ſail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

SUMMER, Vol. I. p. 107.

INDUSTRY.

——ATTEMPER'D ſuns ariſe,
Sweet-beam'd, and ſhedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleaſing calm, while broad and brown below
Extenſive harveſts hang the heavy head.
Rich, ſilent, deep, they ſtand: for not a gale,
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poiſe, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the ſky,
The clouds fly diff'rent, and the ſudden ſun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black, by fits, the ſhadows ſweep along;
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a flood of corn.

Theſe are thy bleſſings, Induſtry! rough Pow'r!
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain;
Yet the kind ſource of ev'ry gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human-kind! by Nature caſt
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods

And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite, but idle all,
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt
Slept th' lethargic pow'rs; Corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallow'd what the lib'ral hand
Of Bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year;
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhiv'ring wretch!
Aghaſt and comfortleſs, when the bleak North,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt;
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild ſeaſon ſordid pin'd away:
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Ev'n deſolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark and unenjoy'd, along;
A waſte of time! till Induſtry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth;
His faculties unfolded, pointed out
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded: ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic pow'rs,
To dig the min'ral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood and hue the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe:
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm.
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk and flowing lawn;

With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The gen'rous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-reſuming ſoul of decent Wit;
Nor ſtopp'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance, and grace:
And breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gath'ring men their natural pow'rs combin'd,
And form'd a Public to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented Whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppreſſion chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm, yet ſtill
To them accountable; nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,
And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves have rais'd.

Hence ev'ry form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew num'rous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art, the city rear'd
In beauteous pride, her tow'r-encircled head,
And ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew,
To bows ſtrong ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built,
Rais'd the ſtrong crane, chok'd up the loaded ſtreet,
With foreign plenty, and thy ſtream, O Thames!
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry foreſt, groves of maſts

Shot up their ſpires: the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd regular to harmony: around
The boat light-ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent Toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the Britiſh thunder, black and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.
Then, too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
Its ample roof, and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glitt'ring ſtores; the canvaſs ſmooth,
With glowing life protub'rant, to the view
Embody'd roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination-fluſh'd.
All is the gift of Induſtry; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along:
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte,
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable, ſtores
That waving round recall my wand'ring ſong.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 116.

A HARVEST PICTURE.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And unperceiv'd unfolds the ſpreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand
In fair array, each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate

By nameleſs gentle offices her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves,
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks,
And, conſcious, glancing oft on ev'ry ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſt, pick.
Be not too narrow, Huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf with charitable ſtealth
The lib'ral handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of Harveſt is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you like the fowls of heav'n,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of Fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 120.

PALEMON *and* LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And Fortune ſmil'd deceitful on her birth;
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry ſtay ſave Innocence and Heav'n,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn

Which Virtue ſunk to poverty would meet
From giddy Paſſion and low-minded Pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of ev'ning, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for Lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was Beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia! till at length compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was! the gen'rous and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper train

To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye
Unconſcious of her pow'r, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze.
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd:
" What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
" By Beauty kindled, where enliv'ning Senſe
" And more than vulgar Goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old Acaſto's line, and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my lib'ral fortune took its riſe,
" Now to the duſt gone down, his houſes, lands,
" And once fair-ſpreading family, diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better
" days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
" Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When ſtrict enquiring from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto! who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpris'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhiv'ring tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame avow'd and bold,
And as he view'd her ardent o'er and o'er,
Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.

" And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
" She whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
" So long in vain? O Heav'ns! the very ſame,
" The ſoften'd image of my noble friend;
" Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring,
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune! ſay, ah! where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſart haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted Heav'n?
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair,
" Tho' poverty's cold wind and cruſhing rain
" Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
" O let me now into a richer ſoil
" Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and
" ſhow'rs
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt, influence,
" And of my garden be the pride and joy.
" Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits
" Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
" Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt fields
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy
" hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
" The fields, the maſter, all, my Fair! are thine,
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the pow'r of bleſſing thee."
Here ceas'd the youth; yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While pierc'd with anxious thought ſhe pin'd away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate,
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her ev'ning hours;
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A num'rous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 121.

HARE *and* STAG-HUNTING.

POOR is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd, the ruſhy fen, the ragged furze;
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath, the ſtubble chap'd;
The thiſtly lawn, the thick-entangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook:
Vain is her beſt precaution, tho' ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with folded ears, unſleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in.
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcatter'd ſullen op'nings, far behind,
With ev'ry breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm:
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of Game is up at once:
The pack full-op'ning various; the ſhrill horn
Reſounded from the hills; the neighing ſteed,
Wild for the chaſe: and the loud hunter's ſhout;

O'er a weak, harmleſs, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and diſcordant joy!
The ſtag, too, ſingled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,
Before the tempeſt drives. At firſt, in ſpeed
He, ſprightly, puts his faith; and rous'd by fear,
Gives all his ſwift aërial ſoul to flight.
Againſt the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the leſs'ning murd'rous cry behind;
Deception ſhort! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the North,
He burſts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildeſt wood.
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the track,
Hot-ſteaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the ſhady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his ev'ry ſhift.
He ſweeps the foreſt oft, and ſobbing ſees
The glades mild op'ning to the golden day,
Where in kind conteſt with his butting friends
He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending flood he tries
To looſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides;
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? his once-ſo-vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more—
Inſpire the courſe, but fainting breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay,
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair;
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh, while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous-cheker'd ſides with gore.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 129.

DECLINE of AUTUMN.

SEE the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk and dun,
Of ev'ry hue, from wan declining green
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
Low whiſp'ring, lead into their leaf-ſtrown walks,
And give the Seaſon in its lateſt view.
Mean time, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether, whoſe leaſt wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumin'd wide
The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And thro' their lucid veil his ſoften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For thoſe whom Wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degen'rate crowd,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To ſooth the throbbing paſſions into peace,
And wooe lone Quiet in her ſilent walks.
Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And thro' the ſadden'd grove where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply ſome widow'd ſongſter pours his plaint
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copſe;
While congregated thruſhes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades,
Robb'd of their tuneful ſouls, now ſhiv'ring ſit
On the dead tree, a full deſpondent flock,
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chatt'ring diſcord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,

The gun the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy, and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miſerable prey,
In mingled murder, flutt'ring on the ground!
The pale-deſcending year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove,
Oft ſtartling ſuch as ſtudious walk below,
And ſlowly circles thro' the waving air.
But ſhould a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the ſky the leafy deluge ſtreams,
Till, chok'd and matted with the dreary ſhow'r,
The foreſt walks at ev'ry riſing gale
Roll wide the wither'd waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields,
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flow'ry race
Their ſunny robes reſign: ev'n what remain'd
Of ſtronger fruits falls from the naked tree,
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The deſolated proſpect thrills the ſoul.
He comes! he comes! in ev'ry breeze the pow'r
Of Philoſophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the ſudden-ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The ſoften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare,
O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes,
Inflames imagination, thro' the breaſt
Infuſes ev'ry tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd faſt into the Mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
To rapture and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh,

To make them bleſs'd; the ſigh for ſuff'ring Worth
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory thro' remoteſt time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame;
The ſympathies of love and friendſhip dear,
With all the ſocial offspring of the heart.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 148.

DEMOLITION *of a* BEE-HIVE.

AH! ſee where robb'd and murder'd in that pit
Lies the ſtill heaving hive! at ev'ning ſnatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt concealing night,
And fix'd o'er ſulphur, while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people in their waxen cells
Sat tending public cares, and planning ſchemes
Of temperance for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark full flowing round their copious ſtores.
Sudden the dark oppreſſive ſteam aſcends,
And, us'd to milder ſcents, the tender race
By thouſands tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the duſt.
And was it then for this you roam'd the ſpring
Intent from flow'r to flow'r? for this you toil'd,
Ceaſeleſs, the burning ſummer heats away?
For this in Autumn ſearch'd the blooming waſte,
Nor loſt one ſunny gleam? for this ſad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall proſtrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Muſt you deſtroy? Of their ambroſial food
Can you not borrow, and in juſt return
Afford them ſhelter from the wintry winds,
Or as the ſharp year pinches with their own

Again regale them on ſome ſmiling day?
See where the ſtony bottom of their town
Looks deſolate and wild, with here and there
A helpleſs number who the ruin'd ſtate
Survive, lamenting weak, caſt out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep.
(As late Palermo! was thy fate) is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, ſtench involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue ſulphureous flame.

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 156.

The PLEASURES *of* RURAL RETIREMENT.

O H! knew he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate
Each morning vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatt'rers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glitt'ring robe,
Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice, nor ſunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys

That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive,
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain,
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
To diſappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the ſpring,
When heav'n deſcends in ſhow'rs, or bends the bough
When ſummer reddens, and when autumn beams,
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap,
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here, too, dwells ſimple Truth, plain Innocence,
Unſully'd beauty, ſound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
Health ever blooming, unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Eaſe.

Let others brave the flood in queſt of gain,
And beat for joyleſs months the gloomy wave.
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy
Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek,
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome, far diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct! and that ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery; let theſe

Enſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord and perplexing right,
An iron race! and thoſe of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
Wreath the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate:
While he, from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapp'd cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the man who, from the world eſcaped,
In ſtill retreats and flow'ry ſolitudes
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring ſees her in her ev'ry ſhape,
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what ſhe lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
And not an op'ning bloſſom breathes, in vain.
In Summer he beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe of theſe
Perhaps has in immortal numbers ſung,
Or what ſhe dictates writes; and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vig'rous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy his heart diſtends
With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep muſing then he beſt exerts his ſong.
Ev'n winter wild to him is full of bliſs:
The mighty tempeſt and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,

Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſclos'd and kindled by refining froſt,
Pour ev'ry luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too, and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Ecſtatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt
And guilty cities never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with man!

AUTUMN, Vol. I. p. 158.

NIGHT, *with an* ADDRESS *to the* DEITY.

NOW, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious Night,
And Contemplation, her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off the intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſick'ning thought! and yet deluded man,

A ſcene of crude disjointed viſions paſs'd,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new fluſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of Light and Life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyſelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From ev'ry low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 172.

SNOW.

THE cheriſh'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of pureſt white:
'Tis brightneſs all, ſave where the new ſnow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid ſun
Faint from the Weſt emits his ev'ning ray,
Earth's univerſal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waſte, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the lab'rer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heav'n,
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, crow'd around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim the little boon
Which Providence aſſigns them. One alone,
The red breaſt, ſacred to the houſhold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields and thorny thickets leaves
His ſhiv'ring mates, and pays to truſted man
His annual viſit. Half-afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats, then, briſk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is!

Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. The foodleſs wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beſet
By death in various forms, dark ſnares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden ſeeks,
Urg'd on by fearleſs want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heav'n, and next the gliſt'ning earth,
With looks of dumb deſpair; then, ſad diſpers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of ſnow.
Now, Shepherds! to your helpleſs charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns
With food at will; lodge them below the ſtorm,
And watch them ſtrict; for from the bellowing Eaſt,
In this dire ſeaſon, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapleſs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighb'ring hills,
The billowy tempeſt whelms, till upward urg'd,
The valley to a ſhining mountain ſwells,
Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the ſky.

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 173.

A MAN *periſhing in the* SNOW, *with a Reflection on* PLEASURE, POWER, *and* AFFLUENCE.

AS thus the ſnows ariſe, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darken'd air,
In his own looſe revolving fields the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands, ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow, and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain,
Nor finds the river nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray.

Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing thro' the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track and bleſs abode of man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And ev'ry tempeſt howling o'er his head
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the pow'r of froſt,
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and what is land unknown,
What water of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps, and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On ev'ry nerve
The deadly Winter ſeizes, ſhuts up ſenſe,
And o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows a ſtiffen'd corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, pow'r, and affluence ſurround;
They who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death,
And all the ſad variety of pain;
How many ſink in the devouring flood
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man!
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs! how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery! ſore pierc'd by wintry winds
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty! how many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe,
Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the Tragic Muſe!
Ev'n in the vale, where Wiſdom loves to dwell,
With Friendſhip, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs! how many ſtand
Around the deathbed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh! Thought fond man!
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life
One ſcene of toil, of ſuff'ring, and of fate,
Vice in its high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 174.

A WINTER'S EVENING *in* COUNTRY *and* TOWN.

THE village rouſes up the fire,
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin ſtory round,
Till ſuperſtitious horror creeps o'er all;
Or frequent in the ſounding hall they wake
The rural gambol. Ruſtic mirth goes round;
The ſimple joke that takes the ſhepherd's heart,
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, ſincere;
The kiſs, ſnatch'd hafty from the ſide-long maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep;
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.
The city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of Riot flow
Down the looſe dream of falſe enchanted joy
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honor, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong ſink.
Up ſprings the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolv'd a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glitt'ring court effuſes ev'ry pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A ſoft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
While, a gay inſect in his ſummer ſhine,
The fop, light flutt'ring, ſpreads his mealy wings.
Dread o'er the ſcene the ghoſt of Hamlet ſtalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns:
And Belvidera pours her ſoul in love.
Terror alarms the breaſt; the comely tear

Steals o'er the cheek; or elſe the Comic Muſe
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes ſly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes ſhe lifts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in gen'rous Bevil * ſhew'd.

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 186.

* A character in the Conſcious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.

A FROSTY NIGHT *and* MORNING.

LOUD rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe, while at his ev'ning watch
The village-dog deters the nightly thief:
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
Thro' the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes Nature faſt. It freezes on,
Till Morn, late riſing o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent Night;
Prone from the dripping cave and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues and fancy'd figures riſe;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid track, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The ſoreſt bent beneath the plumy wave,

And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the ſlipp'ry ſurface, ſwift deſcends.

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 190.

SPORTS *on the* ICE, *and* SHOOTING.

ON blitheſome frolics bent, the youthful ſwains,
While ev'ry work of man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various ſport
And revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happieſt of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Laſhes the whirling top. Or where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From ev'ry province ſwarming, void of care,
Batavia ruſhes forth, and as they ſweep
On ſounding ſkates a thouſand diff'rent ways,
In circling poiſe, ſwift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor leſs the northern courts, wide o'er the ſnow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid ſleds
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-reſounding courſe. Mean time, to raiſe
The manly ſtrife with highly blooming charms,
Fluſh'd by the ſeaſon, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Ruſſia's buxom daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and ſportful, is the wholeſome day,
But ſoon elaps'd. The horizontal ſun
Broad o'er the ſouth hangs at his utmoſt noon,
And ineffectual ſtrikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloſs the mountain ſtill maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the foreſt falls the cluſter'd ſnow,

Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe who with the gun
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,
Worſe than the ſeaſons deſolate the fields,
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd game.

WINTER, Vol. I. p. 191.

A HYMN *to the* SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! theſe
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, THY tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoft'ning air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles,
And ev'ry ſenſe, and ev'ry heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year;
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſp'ring gales.
THY bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and ſtorms
Around THEE thrown! tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd!
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding ſublime, THOU bidſt the world adore
And humbleſt Nature with THY northern blaſt.

Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd,
Shade unperceiv'd ſo ſoft'ning into ſhade,

And all ſo forming an harmonious whole,
That as they ſtill ſucceed they raviſh ſtill.
But wand'ring oft with brute unconſcious gaze
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres,
Works in the ſecret deep, ſhoots ſteaming thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring,
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day,
Feeds ev'ry creature, hurls the tempeſt forth,
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature, attend! join ev'ry living ſoul
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join, and ardent raiſe
One gen'ral ſong! To HIM, ye vocal Gales!
Breathe ſoft, whoſe ſpirit in your freſhneſs breathes;
Oh! talk of Him in ſolitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the ſcarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And Ye! whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong Torrents! rapid and profound:
Ye ſofter Floods! that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, Majeſtic Main!
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound his ſtupendous praiſe, whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incenſe, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flow'rs!
In mingled clouds to HIM, whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye Foreſts, bend! ye Harveſts, wave to HIM!
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies! effuſe your mildeſt beams.
Ye Conſtellations! while your angels ſtrike

Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great Source of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round.
On Nature write with ev'ry beam His praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate World!
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn Hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye Hills! ye moſſy Rocks!
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive low,
Ye Vallies, raiſe, for the Great Shepherd reigns!
And his unſuff'ring kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day
Expiring lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela! charm
The liſt'ning ſhades, and teach the night his praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great Hymn! In ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled Men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, thro' the ſwelling baſe,
And as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardour riſe to heav'n.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove,
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the Summer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, inſpiring Autumn gleans,
Or Winter riſes in the black'ning Eaſt,
Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should Fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong, where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam

Flames on th' Atlantic iſles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full!
And where he vital breathes there muſt be joy.
When ev'n at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey: there with new pow'rs
Will riſing wonders ſing. I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around
Suſtaining all yon orbs and all their ſons,
From ſeeming evil ſtill educing good
And better thence again, and better ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE:
Come then, expreſſive Silence! muſe his praiſe.

Vol. I. p. 205.

ADDRESS *to* PEACE.

O H firſt of human bleſſings! and ſupreme!
Fair *peace!* how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whoſe wide tie the kindred ſons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unſuſpicious faith: while honeſt Toil
Gives ev'ry joy, and to thoſe joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous Rapine but uſurps.
Pure is thy reign, when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought, ſave the ſweetneſs of indulgent ſhowers,
Trickling, diſtils into the vernant glebe;
Inſtead of mangle carcaſſes, ſad ſeen,
When the blithe ſheaves lie ſcatter'd o'er the field;
When only ſhining ſhares, the crooked knife,
And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land bluſhes with the roſe alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou ſource and ſoul of ſocial life,
Beneath whoſe calm inſpiring influence

Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And ſwelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Bleſt be the man divine who gives us thee!
Who bids the Trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who ſheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns;
And, ev'ry vigour from the work of death
To grateful induſtry converting, makes
The country flouriſh, and the city ſmile.
Unviolated, him the virgin ſings,
And him the ſmiling mother to her train:
Of him the ſhepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treaſures of his labour ſure,
The Huſbandman of him, as at the plough
Or team he toils. With him the ſailor ſooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſhop to ſhop, reſponſive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone; his praiſe extends,
Far as the ſun rolls the diffuſive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the ſong.

BRITANNIA, Vol. II. p. 15.

VERSES *occaſioned by the Death of* MR. AIKMAN, *a particular Friend of the* AUTHOR'S.

AS thoſe we love decay, we die in part,
String after ſtring is ſever'd from the heart;
Till looſen'd life, at laſt, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who lateſt feels the blow,
Whoſe eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can reſign is breath.

Vol. II. p. 283.

To the Reverend MR. MURDOCH, *Rector of* STRADDISHALL *in* SUFFOLK, 1738.

THUS ſafely low, my Friend, thou can'ſt not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all:
No noiſe, no care, no vanity, no ſtrife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each paſſion down, however dear;
Truſt me, the tender are the moſt ſevere.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philoſophic eaſe,
And aſk no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the ſtorms of fate:
High bliſs is only for a higher ſtate.

Vol. II. p. 287.

EPITAPH *on* MISS STANLEY.

HERE, Stanley, reſt, eſcap'd this mortal ſtrife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauty ſtain,
And ſternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more ſweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy ſick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to ſave her anxious groan,
No more thy boſom preſſes down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliſs ſincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleaſing tear!
O, born to bloom, then ſink beneath the ſtorm,
To ſhew us Virtue in her faireſt form;
To ſhow us artleſs Reaſon's moral reign,
What boaſtful ſcience arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient paſſions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!

Yes, we muſt follow ſoon, will glad obey,
When a few ſuns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will cloſe the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Bleſt be the bark that wafts us to the ſhore
Where death-divided friends ſhall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy duſt repoſe,
Is all the hope thy hapleſs mother knows.

Vol. II. p. 285.

A PARAPHRASE *on the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of* ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring-paſſions are at ſtrife,
O, let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempeſt bears,
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?

Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air;
To them nor ſtores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleaſing ſong:
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign,
Nor is their muſic nor their plaint in vain:

He hears the gay and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.
Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!
If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads,
Will he not care for you, ye Faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?

Vol. II. p. 288.

O D E.

I.

TELL me, thou ſoul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or doſt thou, free, at pleaſure, roam,
And ſometimes ſhare thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerleſs home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'ſt round my walk,
While under ev'ry well-known tree
I to thy fancy'd ſhadow talk,
And ev'ry tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beſide ſome ſympathetic ſtream,
In ſlumber find a ſhort relief,
Oh! viſit thou my ſoothing dream.

Vol. II. p. 284.

O D E.

O Nightingale, beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love:
O lend that ſtrain, ſweet Nightingale to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate;
I love a maid who all my boſom charms,
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by Nature's ſimple laws
Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care;

But we, vain ſlaves of intereſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt, leſt envious tongues ſhould blame;
And hence, in vain, I languiſh for my bride:
O mourn with me, ſweet bird, my hapleſs flame.

Vol. II. p. 295.

A HYMN *on* SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the wiſe and good,
But from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky;

A ſhepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Muſidora, ſhe
(Her Muſidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd Nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of Morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſcape ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage, and ſwain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine;
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.
Oh! let me pierce thy ſecret cell,
And in thy deep receſſes dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

Vol. II. p. 300.

EXERCISE *and* HEALTH.

IT was not by vile loitering in eaſe,
That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
That ſoft yet ardent Athens learn'd to pleaſe,
To keen the wit, and to ſublime the heart,
In all ſupreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majeſtic Rome aroſe,
And o'er the nations ſhook her conquering dart:
For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent Repoſe.

Had unambitious mortals minded nought
But in looſe joy their time to wear away,
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance ſought,
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's ſtate had been our ſtate to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raiſ'd,
No arts had made us opulent and gay:
With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
None e'er had ſoar'd to fame, none honor'd been,
none prais'd.

Great Homer's ſong had never fir'd the breaſt
To thirſt of glory and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's Muſe, ſunk in inglorious reſt,
Had ſilent ſlept amid the Mincian reeds:
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
And Monkiſh legends been their only ſtrains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakeſpeare ſtroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
ſwains,
Ne had my maſter Spenſer charm'd his Mulla's plains.

Dumb, too, had been the ſage hiſtoric Muſe,
And periſh'd all the ſons of ancient fame;
Thoſe ſtarry lights of virtue, that diffuſe,
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been loſt with ſuch as have no name.
Who then had ſcorn'd his eaſe for others' good?

Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted ſtood,
And for his country's cauſe been prodigal of blood!

But ſhould to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleaſure all require;
Then hear how beſt may be obtain'd this fee,
How beſt enjoy'd this Nature's wide deſire.
Toil, and be glad! let Induſtry inſpire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; abſorpt entire
In miry ſloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted Men, to be in love with death!

Ah what avail the largeſt gifts of Heav'n,
When drooping health and ſpirits go amiſs?
How taſteleſs then whatever can be given?
Health is the vital principle of bliſs,
And exerciſe of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who ſlugs his life away
Soon ſwallow'd in Diſeaſe's ſad abyſs,
While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

O who can ſpeak the vigorous joys of health!
Unclogg'd the body, unobſcur'd the mind;
The morning riſes gay, with pleaſing ſtealth,
The temperate evening falls ſerene and kind.
In health the wiſer brutes true gladneſs find.
See! how the younglings friſk along the meads,
As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
Yet what but high-ſtrung health this dancing pleaſaunce breeds?

CASTLE of INDOLENCE, Vol. II. p. 266.

SONG.

ONE day the God of fond deſire,
On miſchief bent, to Damon ſaid,
Why not diſcloſe your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

The ſhepherd mark'd his treach'rous art,
And, ſoftly ſighing, thus reply'd;
'Tis true, you have ſubdu'd my heart,
But ſhall not triumph o'er my pride.

The ſlave in private only bears
Your bondage who his love conceals,
But when his paſſion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot wheels.

Vol. II. p. 290.

UNBLEMISHED HONOUR.

UNBLEMISH'D honor is the flower of virtue!
The vivifying ſoul! and he who ſlights it
Will leave the other dull and lifeleſs droſs.

TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA, Vol. IV. p. 183.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the ſympathetic groves,
But to the lonely liſtening plain.

Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh! when her footſteps next are ſeen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In freſher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle Spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.

O tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
Oh! tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Not purer her own wiſhes riſe,
Not holier her own ſighs in prayer.

But if, at firſt, her virgin fear
Should ſtart at love's ſuſpected name,
With that of friendſhip ſooth her ear—
True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

Vol. II. p. 291

FREEDOM.

——— HE, who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be juſtly deem'd his ſovereign's foe:
No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to ſubvert it,
The ſoothing ſlave, the traitor in the boſom,
Who beſt deſerves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happineſs of kingdoms.

EDWARD and ELEONORA, Vol. IV. p. 12.

SONG.

UNLESS with my Amanda bleſt,
In vain I twine the woodbine bow'r;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
In vain I rear the breathing flow'r:

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me ſing:
In vain the freſhening fields appear:
Without my love there is no ſpring.

Vol. II. p. 292.

SONG.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part:

Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But buſy, buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Vol. II. p. 293.

SONG.

COME gentle God of ſoft deſire,
Come and poſſeſs my happy breaſt,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic Folly's wildneſs dreſt:
But come in Friendſhip's angel-guiſe:
Yet dearer thou than friendſhip art,
More tender ſpirit in thy eyes,
More ſweet emotions at the heart.
O come with Goodneſs in thy train,
With Peace and Pleaſure void of ſtorm,
And wouldſt thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

Vol. II. p. 294.

A NUPTIAL SONG. *Intended to have been inſerted in the Fourth Act of* SOPHONISBA.

COME, gentle Venus! and aſſuage
A warring world, a bleeding age;
For Nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintry tempeſts haſte away,
A lucid calm inveſts the ſea,
Thy native deep is full of thee:
The flowering earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er ſpring, all ſun the ſky;
A genial ſpirit warms the breeze;
Unſeen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The deſart glows a ſoften'd note;
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
You ſtrike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleaſing pangs to know,
To languiſh in luxurious woe;
To feel the gen'rous paſſions riſe,
Grow good by gazing, mild by ſighs:
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love.
Come, thou delight of heav'n and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh come, ſweet ſmiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom:
For long the furious God of war
Has cruſh'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has ſoil'd them with his cruel ſtains,
Has ſunk our youth in endleſs ſleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy boſom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiſs,
Ah! then his ſtormy heart controul,
And ſigh thyſelf into his ſoul.

Vol. III. p. 105.

CHARACTERS *belonging to the* CASTLE *of* INDOLENCE.

OF all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of ſpecial grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
Penſive, not ſad, in thought involv'd, not dark;
As ſoot this man could ſing as morning lark,
And teach the nobleſt morals of the heart;

But theſe his talents were yburied ſtark;
Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature painting Art.

To noon-tide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep-inviting ſound,
Or when Dan Sol to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom be baſk'd him on the ground,
Where th. wild thyme and camomoil are found;
There would he linger, till the lateſt ray
Of light ſate trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward thro' the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow: ſo had he paſſed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt;
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And marks the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk;
Oft ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'erſhadowing oak;
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank Heaven! the day is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, no face of mortal ſeen:
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And ſure his linen was not very clean.
Through ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;

Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid face and mien,
Our Caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not even pleaſure to exceſs is good:
What moſt elates then ſinks the ſoul as low:
When ſpring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary ſhore.
Taught by this ſon of Joy we found it ſo,
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd Caſtle all, the abode of Sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burniſh'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he ſweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital ſky,
Tunes up amid theſe airy halls his ſong,
Soothing at firſt the gay repoſing throng;
And oft he ſips their bowl: or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And ſcares their tender ſleep, with trump profound,
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another gueſt there was, of ſenſe refin'd
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him thro' the inmoſt walks the Muſes lad,
To him the ſacred love of Nature lent,
And ſometimes would he make our valley glad;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better ſort this friendly meſſage ſent:

"Come, dwell with us! true ſon of Virtue, come!
"But if alas! we cannot thee perſuade
"To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,
"Yet when at laſt thy toils, but ill apaid,
"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly ſpark,
"Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
"There to indulge the Muſe, and Nature mark;
"We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Eſopus* of the age,
But call'd by Fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage
And rous'd him like a giant from his ſleep,
Even from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: Now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote eſpy:
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguiſh twinkle in his eye,
And ſhone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damſel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his piety anew.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made reſort,
Where, from groſs mortal care and buſineſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in eaſe and luxury:
Or ſhould they a vain ſhew of work aſſume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is caſt the diſtaff, ſpinning-wheel and loom.

* Mr. Quin.

Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
They ſit, they loll, turn o'er ſome idle rhyme,
Then, riſing ſudden, to the glaſs they go,
Or ſaunter forth, with tottering ſtep and ſlow:
This ſoon too rude an exerciſe they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they ſighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god ſoft-breathing in the wind.

Now muſt I mark the villany we found;
But, ah! too late, as ſhall eftſoons be ſhewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where ſtill our inmates, when unpleaſing grown,
Diſeas'd, and loathſome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languiſh'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan,
For of theſe wretches taken was no care;
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurſes were.

Alas! the change! from ſcenes of joy and reſt,
To this dark den, where Sickneſs toſs'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly ſleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard, lay
Heaving his ſides, and ſnored night and day;
To ſtir him from his traunce it was not eath.
And his half-open'd eye he ſhut ſtraitway;
He led, I wot, the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught withouten pain and ſtrife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſy;
Unwieldly man! with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit,
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her deem'd a wit.

A lady proud ſhe was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low;
She felt, or fancy'd, in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the Spittles know,
And ſought all phyſic which the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh and ſometimes cry,
Then ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhakes his chilling wings;
The ſleepleſs Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ſerpent ſtings:
Whilſt Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CASTLE of INDOLENCE, Vol. II. p. 229.

FORTUNE DISREGARDED.

IS there no patron to protect the Muſe,
And fence for her Parnaſſus' barren ſoil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are ſure of bread who ſwink and moil;
But a fell tribe the Aonian hive deſpoil,
As ruthleſs waſps oft rob the painful bee;
Thus while the laws not guard that nobleſt toil,
Ne for the Muſes other meed decree,
They praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.
I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Thro' which Aurora ſhews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace

The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

CASTLE of INDOLENCE, Vol. II. p. 241.

ODE *in the* MASK *of* ALFRED.

I.

WHEN Britain firſt, at Heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain:
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves:
"Britons never will be ſlaves."

II.

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule, &c.

III.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke:
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule, &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule, &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main;
And every ſhore it circles thine.
" Rule, &c.

VI.

The Muſes, ſtill with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair;
Bleſt Iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
" Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
" Britons never will be ſlaves."

Vol. III. p. 253.

BOUNTY *to* ENEMIES.

ON mere indifferent objects, common bounty
Will ſhower relief; but when our bittereſt foe
Lies ſunk, diſarm'd, and deſolate, then! then!
To feel the mercies of a pitying God,
To raiſe him from the duſt, and that beſt way
To triumph o'er him, is heroic goodneſs.

SOPHONISBA, Vol. III. p. 48.

D E A T H.

THE death of thoſe diſtinguiſh'd by their ſtation,
But by their virtue more awakes the mind
To ſolemn dread, and ſtrikes a ſadd'ning awe;
Not that we grieve for them, but for ourſelves,
Left to the toil of life—And yet the beſt
Are, by the playful children of this world,
At once forgot, as they had never been.

TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA, Vol. IV. p. 93.

THE

BEAUTIES OF YOUNG.

THE

BEAUTIES OF YOUNG.

SLEEP.

TIR'D Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where Fortune ſmiles! the wretched he forſakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſully'd with a tear,
NIGHT THOUGHTS, Vol. III. p. 3.

ADDRESS *to the* DEITY.

THOU, who didſt put to flight
Primæval *Silence*, when the morning ſtars,
Exulting, ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
O THOU, whoſe word from ſolid *darkneſs* ſtruck
That ſpark, the ſun; ſtrike wiſdom from my ſoul;
My ſoul which flies to Thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
As miſers to their gold, while others reſt.
Thro' this opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
This double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various ſcenes of *Life* and *Death*;
And from each ſcene, the nobleſt truths inſpire.

Nor leſs inſpire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;
Teach my beſt reaſon, reaſon; my beſt will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm reſolve
Wiſdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 4.

TIME.

THE bell ſtrikes *One*. We take no note of time
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the *ſignal* that demands diſpatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomleſs abyſs;
A dread eternity! how ſurely *mine!*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor penſioner on the bounties of an hour?

N. THOUGHTS, p. 5.

REFLECTION *on* MAN.

HOW poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How paſſing wonder He, who made him ſuch!
Who centred in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvellouſly mixt,
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſh'd *link* in being's endleſs chain!
Midway from *Nothing* to the *Deity*!

A beam ethereal, ſully'd and abſorpt!
Tho' ſully'd, and diſhonor'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! inſect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,
And wond'ring at her *own*: How reaſon reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life! or what deſtroy!
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 5.

LIFE *and* ETERNITY.

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the veſtibule;
Life's theatre as yet is ſhut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the maſſy bar,
This groſs impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of exiſtence free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, ſlumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we muſt be, till we burſt the ſhell,
Yon ambient azure ſhell, and ſpring to life,
The life of gods, O tranſport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celeſtial hopes without one ſigh.
Priſoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon
Here pinions all his wiſhes; wing'd by heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,

Where *ſeraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, faſt by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambroſial cluſt'ring glow,
In HIS full beam, and ripen for the juſt,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threeſcore years,
To puſh eternity from human thought,
And ſmother ſouls immortal in the duſt?
A ſoul immortal, ſpending all her fires,
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this ſcene can threaten or indulge,
Reſembles *ocean* into tempeſt wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 7.

TIME *and* DEATH.

EACH *Moment* has its ſickle, emulous
Of *Time*'s enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet *domeſtic* comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
Bliſs! ſublunary bliſs!—proud words and vain!
Implicit treaſon to divine decree!
A bold invaſion of the rights of heav'n!
I claſp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miſs'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the ſtars.
The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
And, one day, thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.
Amid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhauſt

Thy *partial* quiver on a mark ſo *mean*?
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me*?
Inſatiate archer! could not *one* ſuffice?
Thy ſhaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my peace was ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice you moon had fill'd her horn.
O *Cynthia!* why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to ſee thy wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my *borrow'd* bliſs! from *fortune's* ſmile,
Precarious courteſy! not *virtue's* ſure,
Self-given, *ſolar* ray of ſound delight.
In ev'ry vary'd poſture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Thro' the dark poſtern of time long laps'd,
Led ſoftly, by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and ſuch it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleaſing *paſt*;
Inqueſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſart *now*; and meets the ghoſts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And ev'ry pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet why *complain*? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the ſun his luſtre but for me,
The *ſingle* man? Are angels all beſide?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In *this* ſhape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than ſure heirs of *pain*.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 50.

OPPRESSION, WANT, *and* DISEASE.

WAR, Famine, Peſt, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Inteſtine broils, *Oppreſſion*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind,
God's image diſinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a ſun was made.
There, beings deathleſs as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap deſpair.
Some, for hard maſters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valor ſav'd,
If ſo the tyrant, or his minion, doom,
Want, and incurable *diſeaſe*, (fell pair!)
On hopeleſs multitudes remorſeleis ſeize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning *hoſpitals* eject their dead!
What numbers groan for ſad admiſſion there!
What numbers, once in *fortune*'s lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain!
Ye ſilken ſons of pleaſure! ſince in pains
You rue more modiſh viſits, viſit *here*,
And breath from your debauch: *Give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: But ſo great
Your impudence, you bluſh at what is right.
Happy! did ſorrow ſeize on *ſuch* alone.
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* ſave;
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance;
And puniſhment the guiltleſs; and alarm,
Thro' thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, cruſhes him to death.
Not *happineſs* itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.
How diſtant oft the thing we doat on moſt,

From that for which we doat, *felicity!*
The *ſmootheſt* courſe of nature has its pains;
And *trueſt* friends, thro' error, wound our reſt.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hoſtilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 11.

DEATH.

BEWARE, LORENZO! a *ſlow ſudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate ſurprize!
Be wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
If not ſo frequent, would not This be ſtrange?
That 'tis ſo frequent, *This* is ſtranger ſtill.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live."
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They one day ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own; their *future* ſelves applauds;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly*'s vails;
That lodg'd in *fate*'s, to *wiſdom* they conſign;
The thing they can't but *purpoſe*, they *poſtpone*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human *wiſdom* to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man.

And that thro' ev'ry ſtage: When young, indeed,
In full content we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
Unanxious for *ourſelves* and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our *fathers* were more wiſe.
At *thirty* man *ſuſpects* himſelf a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to *reſolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but Themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing* no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 16.

INCONSISTENCY *of* MAN.

AH! how unjuſt to nature, and himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs, thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
Like children babbling nonſenſe in their ſports,
We cenſure nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
That ſpan too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To laſh the ling'ring moments into ſpeed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourſelves.
Art! brainleſs *Art!* our furious charioteer
(For *Nature's* voice unſtifled would recall)
Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of death;
Death, moſt our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of abſurdity!

Leiſure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Bleſt leiſure is our curſe; like that of *Cain*,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amuſement;
The next amuſement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! priſons hardly frown,
From hateful *Time* if priſons ſet us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments ſhrink,
Ages to years. The teleſcope is turn'd.
To man's falſe optics (from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on his career.
We rave, we wreſtle, with *Great Nature*'s plan;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom broils;
We puſh time from us, and we wiſh him back;
Laviſh of luſtrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; *Death* ſeek, and ſhun;
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 25.

VANITY.

OH the dark days of vanity! while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;

The ſpirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *paſt*,
And time *poſſeſt*, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 27.

PARENTAL LOVE.

FATHERS alone, a Father's heart can know:
What ſecret tides of ſtill enjoyment flow,
When brothers love! But if their hate ſucceeds
They wage the war; but 'tis the *Father* bleeds.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 219.

CONSCIENCE.

O Treach'rous *Conſcience!* while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On *roſe* and *myrtle*, lull'd with ſyren ſong;
While ſhe ſeems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *Appetite* the ſlacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—ſee, from behind her ſecret ſtand,
The ſly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the groſs *Act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *Fancy*'s airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable ſpy,
Liſt'ning, o'erhears the whiſpers of our camp;
Our dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious uſurers conceal

Their doomſday-book from all-conſuming heirs;
Thus with indulgence moſt ſevere, ſhe treats
Us ſpendthrifts of ineſtimable *Time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of braſs,
Writes our whole hiſtory; which *Death* ſhall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear:
And *Judgment* publiſh; publiſh to more worlds
Than this; and endleſs age in groans reſound.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 30.

OLD AGE.

WHEN men once reach their Autumn, fickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows;
Till, left quite naked of their happineſs,
In the chill blaſts of winter they expire.
This is the common lot.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 227.

SELF-LOVE.

WHO venerate themſelves, the world deſpiſe.
For what, gay friend! is this *eſcutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the ſhroud.
Life's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we ſigh; and while
We ſigh, we ſink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at diſtance? No: He has been on thee;
And given ſure earneſt of his final blow.

Thoſe hours that lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing diſembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee ſmall renown.
The reſt are on the wing: How fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee*;
The ſun is darkneſs, and the ſtars are duſt.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 33.

COMMUNION *with* PAST HOURS.

'TIS greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours;
And aſk them, what report they bore to heav'n;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their anſwers form what men *Experience* call;
If *Wiſdom*'s friend, her beſt; if not, worſt foe.
O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain:
"And by ſucceſs are tutor'd to deſpair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *muſt* be ſo.
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is ſtill a child.
Looſe then from earth the graſp of fond deſire,
Weigh anchor, and ſome happier clime explore.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 34.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE, what art thou? Thou tremendous pow'r!
Who doſt inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourſelves, another ſelf;
A maſter ſelf, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the ſlave.
How doſt thou light a torch to diſtant deeds?

Make the paſt, preſent; and the future, frown?
How, ever and anon, awake the ſoul,
As with a peal of thunder, to ſtrange horrors,
In this long reſtleſs dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wiſe men flatter with the name of life?

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 212.

LIFE.

——— LIFE ſpeeds away
From point to point, tho' ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtile is the movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; *Gnomons*, time:
As *theſe* are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet:
So *thoſe*, but when more glorious *Reaſon* ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard.
But ſuch our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
'Tis later with the wiſe than he's aware:
A* *Wilmington* goes ſlower than the ſun:
And all mankind miſtake their time of day;
Ev'n age itſelf. Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's deſcent
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the ſpring;
And turn our bleſſings into bane. Since oft
Man muſt *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He ſcarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt;
The diſappointment of a promis'd hour.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 35

* Lord Wilmington.

BLISS.

——MUCH is talked of Bliſs; it is the art
Of ſuch as have the world in their poſſeſſion,
To give it a good name, that fools may envy:
For envy to ſmall minds is flattery.
How many lift the head, look gay, and ſmile,
Againſt their conſciences? And this we know;
Yet, knowing, diſbelieve; and try again
What we have try'd, and ſtruggle with conviction:
Each new experience gives the former credit,
And reverend grey *Threeſcore* is but a voucher,
That *Thirty* told is true.

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 130.

FRIENDSHIP.

KNOW'ST thou, LORENZO! what a friend contains?
As bees *mixt Nectar* draw from fragant flow'rs,
So men from FRIENDSHIP, *Wiſdom* and *Delight*;
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good Senſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up, want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been deny'd;
Speech thought's canal! ſpeech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or droſs;
When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;

Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.
What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And ruſted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate
puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates the ſtudent's ſtanding pool.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 36.

WISDOM, FRIENDSHIP, JOY, *and* HAPPINESS.

WISDOM, tho' richer than *Peruvian* mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
What is ſhe, but the means of *Happineſs?*
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopoliſts: It calls for *Two*;
Rich fruit! heav'n planted! never pluckt by *One*.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *ſocial* man true reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves, deſcending in a line,
Pleaſure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intenſe, is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleaſures fire the breaſt.
Celeſtial *Happineſs*, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends,
For abſent heav'n—the boſom of a friend;

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.
Beware the counterfeit: In *Paſſion*'s flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, ſoon harder froze.
True love ſtrikes root in *Reaſon*; paſſion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever:
Of *Friendſhip*'s faireſt fruits, the fruit moſt fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulouſly*, rapid in her race.
O the ſoft enmity! endearing ſtrife!
This carries friendſhip to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

From *Friendſhip*, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious ſurvivor of old *Time* and *Death!*
From Friendſhip, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly ſeed,
The wiſe extract earth's moſt *Hyblean* bliſs,
Superior wiſdom, crown'd with ſmiling joy.

But for whom bloſſoms this *Elyſian flower?*
Abroad they find, who cheriſh it at *Home.*
LORENZO! pardon what my love extorts,
An honeſt love, and not afraid to frown.
Tho' choice of follies faſten on the *Great*,
None clings more obſtinate, than fancy fond:
That ſacred friendſhip is their eaſy prey;
Caught by the waſture of a golden lure,
Or faſcination of a high-born ſmile.
Their ſmiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
For others hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no leſs of ours, when *ſuch* the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendſhip? impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
LORENZO! pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 38.

FRIENDSHIP.

DELIBERATE on all things with thy friend.
But ſince friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
Firſt, on thy friend, delib'rate with Thyſelf;
Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not Eager in the choice,
Nor Jealous of the choſen; Fixing, Fix;
Judge before friendſhip, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's higheſt prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world:
"A world in purchaſe for a friend is gain."
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating ſpirit, of a friend,
For twenty ſummers ripening by my ſide;
All feculence of falſhood long thrown down;
All ſocial virtues riſing in his ſoul
As cryſtal clear; and ſmiling, as they riſe!
Here nectar flows; it ſparkles in our ſight;
Rich to the taſte, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavour'd bliſs for gods! on earth how rare!

N. THOUGHTS, p. 40.

HAPPINESS.

THRICE happy they, who ſleep in humble life,
Beneath the ſtorm ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The *Great* ſhould have the fame of happineſs,
The conſolation of a little envy,
'Tis all their pay for thoſe ſuperior cares,
Thoſe pangs of heart, their vaſſals ne'er can feel.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 213.

DISSOLUTION *of a* VIRTUOUS MAN.

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this *Bethesda* your diſeaſe;
If unreſtor'd by This, deſpair your cure.
For, *Here* reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *diſſimulation* drops her maſque,
Thro' life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here Real, and Apparent, are the Same.
You ſee the *Man*; you ſee his hold on heav'n;
If ſound his virtue; as PHILANDER'S, ſound.
Heav'n waits not the laſt moment; owns her friends
On this ſide death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, ſilent, but of ſov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confuſion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death;
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 42.

L O V E.

LOVE calls for Love. Not all the pride of beauty;
Thoſe eyes, that tell us what the ſun is made of;
Thoſe lips, whoſe touch is to be bought with life;
Thoſe hills of driven ſnow, which ſeen are felt:
All theſe poſſeſt are nought, but as they are
The proof, the ſubſtance of an inward paſſion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 111.

PLEASURES of MEDITATION.

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *Reason*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.
O! Lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude, to be Alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our *Reason*, *Guardian Angels*, and our *God!*—
Then nearest These, when Others most remote;
And All, ere long, shall be remote, *but* These
How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;
To win thy wish, creation has no more:
Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a Friend——
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 47.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike; then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions.

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 163.

PASSIONS.

WHEN Reaſon, like the ſkilful charioteer,
Can oreak the fiery paſſions to the bit,
And, ſpite of their licentious ſallies, keep
The radiant track of glory; paſſions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reaſon,
Firm in her ſeat, and ſwift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and, ſmiling, thanks
Their formidable flame, for high renown.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 251.

PICTURE *of* NARCISSA, DESCRIPTION *of her* FUNERAL, *and a* REFLECTION *upon* MAN.

SWEET harmoniſt! and Beautiful as ſweet!
And Young as beautiful! and Soft as young!
And Gay as ſoft! and Innocent as gay!
And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good!
For fortune fond had built her neſt on high.
Like birds quite exquiſite of note and plume,
Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the ſummit of the grove ſhe fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguiſht in the wonders of her ſong!
Her ſong ſtill vibrates in my raviſht ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and preſent it to the ſkies; as All
We gueſs of heav'n: And *theſe* were all her own,
And ſhe was mine; and I was—*was!*—moſt bleſt—

Gay title of the deepeſt miſery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;
Good loſt weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.
Like bloſſom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal ſtorm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death ſtill lovely, lovelier There;
Far lovelier! pity ſwells the tide of love.
And will not the ſevere excuſe a ſigh?
Scorn the proud man that is aſham'd to weep;
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deſerve our ſhame.
Ye that e'er loſt an angel! pity me.

Soon as the luſtre languiſht in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human ſight;
And on her cheek, the reſidence of ſpring,
Pale omen ſat; and ſcatter'd fears around
On all that ſaw (and who would ceaſe to gaze,
That once had ſeen?) with haſte, parental haſte,
I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,
And bore her nearer to the ſun; the ſun
(As if the ſun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted ſuccour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; faireſt lilies, not ſo fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambroſial lives;
In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the ſun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-bluſh (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair:
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incenſe meet
To thought ſo pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you ſmile;
Why not ſmile *at* him too? You ſhare indeed
His ſudden paſs; but not his conſtant pain.

So man is made, nought miniſters delight,
By what his glowing paſſions can engage;
And glowing paſſions, bent on ought below,
Muſt, ſoon or late, with anguiſh turn the ſcale;

And anguiſh, after rapture, how ſevere!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taſte,
While *here*, preſuming on the rights of heav'n.
For tranſport doſt thou call on ev'ry hour,
LORENZO? At thy friend's expence be wiſe;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at beſt; but, oft, a ſpear;
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeleſs thought! turn from her:—Thought repell'd
Reſenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, ſmil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy freſh op'ning joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliſs complete!
And on a foreign ſhore; where ſtrangers wept!
Strangers to Thee; and, more ſurpriſing ſtill,
Strangers to Kindneſs, wept: Their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; ſtrange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderneſs!
A tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere;
In ſpite of nature's ſoft perſuaſion, ſteel'd;
While *nature* melted, *ſuperſtition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead; and *this* deny'd a grave.
Their ſighs incens'd; ſighs foreign to the will!
Their will the *tyger* ſuck'd, outrag'd the ſtorm.
For oh! the curſt ungodlineſs of zeal!
While *ſinful fleſh* relented, *ſpirit* nurſt
In blind *infallibility*'s embrace,
The *fainted ſpirit* petrify'd the breaſt;
Deny'd the charity of duſt, to ſpread
O'er duſt! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What ſuccour? What reſource?
With pious ſacrilege, a grave I ſtole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With ſoft-ſuſpended ſtep, and muffled deep
In midnight darkneſs, *whiſper'd* my laſt ſigh.

I *whiſper'd* what ſhould echo thro' their realms;
Nor writ her name, whoſe tomb ſhould pierce the ſkies.
Preſumptuous fear! How durſt I dread her foes,
While nature's loudeſt dictates I obey'd?
Pardon neceſſity, bleſt ſhade! Of grief
And indignation rival burſts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the ſavage land her ſacred duſt;
Stampt the curſt ſoil; and with humanity
(Deny'd NARCISSA) wiſht them all a grave.
Glows my reſentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how ſacred! Sacred is the duſt
Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!
This heav'n-aſſum'd majeſtic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vaſt expanſe
With azure bright, and cloath'd the ſun in gold.
When ev'ry paſſion ſleeps that can offend;
When ſtrikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour *uncontroul'd*,
That ſtrongeſt curb on inſult and ill will;
Then, ſpleen to *duſt*? the duſt of innocence?
An angel's duſt?—This *Lucifer* tranſcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the ſtrife of malice, but of pride;
The ſtrife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
Far leſs than This is ſhocking in a race
Moſt *wretched*, but from ſtreams of mutual love;
And *uncreated*, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment, *loſt*,
By fate reſorb'd, and ſunk in endleſs night.
Man hard of heart to man! Of horrid things
Moſt horrid! 'Mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange!
Yet oft his courteſies are ſmoother wrongs;
Pride brandiſhes the favours He confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then is vengeance? Hear it not, ye ſtars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the ſound;
Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.

A previous blaſt foretels the riſing ſtorm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And ſmoke betrays the wide-conſuming fire:
Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heav'n's Sovereign ſaves all beings, but himſelf,
That hideous ſight, a *naked* human heart.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 50.

JEALOUSY.

——————IT is Jealouſy's peculiar nature
To ſwell ſmall things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much; and then to loſe its reaſon
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 151.

PASSIONS.

WHILE paſſions glow, the heart, like heated ſteel,
Takes each impreſſion, and is work'd at pleaſure.

BUSIRIS, Vol. II. p. 71.

COWARDS.

COWARDS in ill, like cowards in the field,
Are ſure to be defeated. To ſtrike home,
In both, is prudence. Guilt, begun, muſt fly
To guilt conſummate, to be ſafe.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 232.

DYING FRIENDS.

OUR dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainleſs ardors; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wiſe.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth
Our rugged paſs to death; to break thoſe bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Croſs our obſtructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as *ſafe*, our port from ev'ry ſtorm.
Each friend by fate ſnatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluckt from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us ſtoop from our aërial heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own deceaſe,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Juſt ſkim earth's ſurface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to ſcratch a little duſt,
And ſave the world a nuiſance. Smitten friends
Are angels ſent on errands full of love;
For us they languiſh, and for us they die:
And ſhall they languiſh, ſhall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, ſhall we grieve their hov'ring ſhades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we diſdain their ſilent, ſoft addreſs;
Their poſthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
Senſeleſs, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
Fruſtrate their anguiſh, and deſtroy their deaths?
LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholeſome empire! let it reign,
That kind chaſtiſer of thy ſoul in joy!
Its reign will ſpread thy glorious conqueſts far,
And ſtill the tumults of thy ruffled breaſt:
Auſpicious Æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death ſhall, like a god, inſpire.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 56.

THANKS *to the* DEITY.

BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at reſt, beneath this humble ſhed.
The world's a ſtately bark, on dang'rous ſeas,
With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
I hear the tumult of the diſtant throng,
As that of ſeas remote or dying ſtorms:
And meditate on ſcenes, more ſilent ſtill;
Purſue my theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.
Here, like a ſhepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
Eager *ambition*'s fiery chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling hunt, of noiſy men,
Burſt law's incloſure, leap the mounds of right,
Purſuing, and purſu'd, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 72.

PASSIONS.

PASSIONS, if great, tho' turn'd to their reverſe,
Keep their degree, and are great paſſions ſtill.
And ſhe who, when ſhe thinks her lover falſe,
Retains her temper, never loſt her heart.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 258.

HUMAN LIFE.

——AH! what is human life?
How like the dial's tardy-moving ſhade,
Day after day ſlides from us unperceiv'd!

The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth;
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen:
Yet ſoon the hour is up—and we are gone.

BUSIRIS, Vol. II. p. 85.

MAN.

MAN! know thyſelf. All wiſdom centres there!
To none man ſeems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long ſhall human nature be *Their* book,
Degen'rate mortal! and *unread* by Thee?
The beam dim *reaſon* ſheds ſhews wonders There;
What high contents! Illuſtrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which diſplays at full
Our human height, ſcarce ſever'd from divine,
By heav'n compos'd, was publiſh'd on the *Croſs*.
Who looks on That, and ſees not in himſelf
An awful ſtranger, a terreſtrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting ſoul
Catches ſtrange fire, Eternity! at Thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What ſeem'd a chaos, ſhines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!
It is another ſcene! another ſelf!
And ſtill another, as time rolls along;
And that a *ſelf* far more illuſtrious ſtill.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in ſhades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keeneſt ray,
What evolutions of ſurpriſing fate!
How nature opens, and receives my ſoul
In boundleſs walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
Encounter and embrace me! What new births

Of ſtrange adventure, foreign to the ſun,
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exiſts,
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be juſt:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him;
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals: one ſpirit pour'd
From ſpirit's awful fountain; pour'd Himſelf
Thro' all their ſouls; but not in equal ſtream,
Profuſe, or frugal, of th' inſpiring God,
As his wiſe plan demanded; and when paſt
Their various trials, in their various ſpheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Reſorbs them all into Himſelf again;
His throne their centre, and his ſmile their crown.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 85.

FEELING.

WHO never lov'd ne'er ſuffer'd; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himſelf alone;
And when we feel for others, reaſon reels,
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
As love alone can exquiſitely bleſs,
Love only feels the *marvellous* of pain;
Opens new veins of torture in the ſoul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 290.

RELIGION.

RELIGION's all. Deſcending from the ſkies
To wretched man, the goddeſs in her left
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next*;

Religion! the ſole voucher man is man;
Supporter ſole of man above himſelf;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the ſoul a ſoul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After ſtate!
Here is firm footing; *here* is ſolid rock!
This can ſupport us; all is ſea beſides;
Sinks under us; beſtorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkneſs, and ſtench, and ſuffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate diſcharg'd,
Climbs ſome fair eminence, where Ether pure
Surrounds him, and *Elyſian* proſpects riſe,
His heart exults, his ſpirits caſt their load;
As if new born, he triumphs in the change:
So joys the ſoul, when from inglorious aims,
And ſordid ſweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
To *Reaſon*'s region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the ſkies.
Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs;
And groaning *Calvary*, of thee! *There* ſhine
The nobleſt truths; *there* ſtrongeſt motives ſting;
There ſacred violence aſſaults the ſoul;
There nothing but *compulſion* is forborn.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the ſun;
He ſighs!—the ſigh earth's deep foundation ſhakes.
If in his love ſo terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderneſs on fire?
Like ſoft, ſmooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can pray'r, can praiſe avert it?—Thou, my *All!*
My theme! my inſpiration! and my crown!
My ſtrength in age! my riſe in low eſtate!
My ſoul's ambition! pleaſure! wealth!—my world!
My light in darkneſs! and my life in death!
My boaſt thro' time! bliſs thro' eternity!

Eternity, too ſhort to ſpeak thy praiſe!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meaneſt, ev'n to me:
My ſacrifice! my God!—what things are theſe!

N. THOUGHTS, p. 88.

JEALOUSY.

O JEALOUSY, each other paſſion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the ſoul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoize
For all the tranſports beauty can inſpire!

REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 126.

FAITH *and* REASON.

FOND as we are, and juſtly fond, of *faith*,
Reaſon, we grant, demands our firſt regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reaſon the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower ſhall die; but *reaſon* lives
Immortal, as her Father in the ſkies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reaſon* makes it ſo.
Wrong not the Chriſtian; think not reaſon *your's*:
'Tis *reaſon* our great *Maſter* holds ſo dear;
'Tis *reaſon's* injur'd rights His wrath reſents;
'Tis *reaſon's* voice obey'd His glories crown;
To give loſt *reaſon* life, He pour'd his own:
Believe, and ſhew the reaſon of a man;
Believe, and taſte the pleaſure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Thro' *reaſon's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal ſting.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 94.

MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE ſtands with her bow ever bent
Over the world; and he who wounds another,
Directs the goddeſs by that part he wounds,
Where to ſtrike deep her arrows in himſelf.

BROTHERS, Vol. II. p. 213.

VANITY *and* ADULATION.

LORENZO! to recriminate is juſt.
Fondneſs for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praiſe.
Praiſe no man e'er deſerv'd, who ſought no more.
As juſt thy *ſecond charge*. I grant the *muſe*
Has often bluſht at her degen'rate ſons,
Retain'd by *ſenſe* to plead her filthy cauſe;
To raiſe the low, to magnify the mean,
And ſubtilize the groſs into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given, to make *civet* of their ſong
Obſcene, and ſweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our ſwine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obſcure the cauſe.
We wear the chains of *pleaſure*, and of *pride*.
Theſe ſhare the man; and theſe diſtract him too;
Draw diff'rent ways, and claſh in their commands.
Pride like an eagle builds among the ſtars;
But *pleaſure*, lark-like, neſts upon the ground.
Joys ſhar'd by brute-creation, *pride* reſents;
Pleaſure embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: A point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when ſtung by ſtrong deſire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *ſenſe* can't riſe to *reaſon*'s taſte;
In ſubtle *ſophiſtry*'s laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reaſon *new*, that ſtoops
To ſordid ſcenes, and meets them with applauſe.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaſte zone to looſe;
Nor leſs than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thouſand phantoms, and a thouſand ſpells,
A thouſand opiates ſcatters, to delude,
To faſcinate, inebriate, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which ſhock'd the *judgment*, ſhocks no more;
That which gave pride *offence*, no more offends.
Pleaſure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man ſhall reign,
By *wit*'s addreſs, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curſed art! wipes off th' indebted bluſh
From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry ſhame.
Man ſmiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy ſtands candidate for praiſe.
All writ by man in favour of the ſoul,
Theſe *ſenſual ethics* far, in bulk tranſcend.
The flow'rs of eloquence, profuſely pour'd
O'er ſpotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can pow'rs of genius exerciſe their page,
And conſecrate enormities with ſong.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 101.

GENEROSITY.

A GENEROUS ſoul is not confin'd at home,
But ſpreads itſelf abroad o'er all the public,
And *feels* for ev'ry member of the land.

BUSIRIS, Vol. II. p. 74.

REFLECTION *on the* WORLD.

WHAT is this world?—Thy ſchool, O miſery!
Our only leſſon is to learn to ſuffer;
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
REVENGE, Vol. II. p. 133.

INGRATITUDE.

HE that's ungrateful has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may paſs for virtues in him.
BUSIRIS, Vol. II. p. 28.

DARKNESS *and* SOLITUDE.

LET *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the ſun adore:
Darkneſs has more divinity for me;
It ſtrikes thought inward; it drives back the ſoul
To ſettle on herſelf, our point ſupreme!
There lies our theatre! there ſits our judge.
Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence ſtretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reaſon*'s reign,
And *virtue*'s too; theſe tutelary ſhades
Are man's *aſylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
It no leſs *reſcues* virtue, than *inſpires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the croud,
Nor touches on the world, without a ſtain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *reſolv'd*,
Is ſhaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *ſalutation* may ſlide in a ſin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it ſtrange: *Light*, *motion*, *concourſe*, *noiſe*,
All, ſcatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In ſume and diſſipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breaſt unguarded to the foe.
Preſent example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
Strikes like a peſtilence, from breaſt to breaſt;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From ſmiling man. A ſlight, a ſingle glance,
And ſhot at random, often has brought home
A ſudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure deſire*.
We ſee, we hear, with peril; *ſafety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a ſchool
Of *wrong*, and what proficients ſwarm around!
We muſt, or imitate, or diſapprove;
Muſt liſt as their accomplices, or foes;
That ſtains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wiſdom* has been ſmit
With ſweet receſs, and languiſht for the ſhade.
This ſacred ſhade, and ſolitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt preſence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Vice ſinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheiſt half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conſcious moon, thro' ev'ry diſtant age,
Has held a lamp to *wiſdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation*'s eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n
Philoſophy the fair, to dwell with men,

And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While oe'r his head, as fearful to moleſt
His lab'ring mind, the ſtars in ſilence ſlide,
And ſeem all gazing on their future gueſt,
See him ſoliciting his ardent ſuit
In *private* audience: All the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionleſs, he ſtands;
Nor quits his theme, or poſture, till the ſun
(Rude drunkard riſing roſy from the main!)
Diſturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! ſtol'n from the black waſte
Of murder'd time! Auſpicious *midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, ev'ry paſſion huſh'd,
And open'd a calm intercourſe with heav'n,
Here the ſoul ſits in council; ponders *paſt*,
Predeſtines *future* action; ſees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reaſons with the ſtorm;
All her lyes anſwers, and *thinks* down her charms.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 105.

REFLECTIONS *in a* CHURCH-YARD.

THE man how bleſt, who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes,
(Scenes apt to thruſt between Us and Ourſelves!)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath *death*'s gloomy, ſilent cypreſs ſhades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantaſtic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his duſt,
Viſit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
LORENZO! read with me NARCISSA's ſtone;
(NARCISSA was thy fav'rite) let us read
Her *moral* ſtone; few doctors preach ſo well;
Few orators ſo tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date!*
Apt words can ſtrike: and yet in them we ſee
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cauſe have *we* to build on length of life?

Temptations ſeize, when *fear* is laid aſleep;
And ill foreboded is our ſtrongeſt guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humble ſhrine,
Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies on my ſoul,
And put's *deluſion*'s duſky train to flight;
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry *paſſions* raiſe,
From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene;
And ſhews the *real* eſtimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the veil from *virtue*'s riſing charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thouſand lyes.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt,
Driv'n by the whirlwind: Lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things inviſible, feel things remote.
Am preſent with futurities; think nought
To man ſo foreign, as the joys *poſſeſt*;
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe beyond the grave.
No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* ſight;
Pale *worldly wiſdom* loſes all her charms;
In pompous promiſe, from her ſchemes profound.
If future fate ſhe plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like *Sibyl*, unſubſtantial, fleeting bliſs!
At the firſt blaſt it vaniſhes in air.
What grave preſcribes the beſt?—A friend's;
and yet,
From a friend's grave, how ſoon we diſengage?
Ev'n to the deareſt, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends raviſht from us. 'Tis to bind,
By ſoft *affection*'s ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reaſon* too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens *there*.
Nor reaſon, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 111.

REFLECTION.

A SOUL without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 121.

INATTENTION *to the* VOICE *of* DEATH.

TELL me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what inchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us, and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thouſand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd?
We ſtand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal ſtill!
We ſee time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his aſſault;
How few themſelves, in that juſt mirror ſee!
Or, ſeeing, draw their inference as ſtrong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: He *muſt*,
And *ſoon*; We *may*, within an age, expire.
Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green
Like damag'd clocks, whoſe hand and bell diſſent;
Folly ſings Six, while *nature* points at Twelve.
What folly can be ranker? Like our ſhadows,
Our wiſhes lengthen, as our ſun declines.
No wiſh ſhould loiter, *then*, this ſide the grave.
Our hearts ſhould leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil.
Enough to live in tempeſt, die in port;
Age ſhould fly concourſe, cover in retreat

Defects of *judgment*; and the *will*'s ſubdue;
Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That ſhortly blows us into worlds unknown,
If *unconſider'd* too, a dreadful ſcene!
All ſhould be prophets to themſelves; foreſee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaſte;
This art would waſte the bitterneſs of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* deſtroys.
A diſaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkneſs on the ſoul,
Which ſleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the firſt blaſt, and loſt for ever.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 122.

PROSPERITY, CONTENT, *and* AMBITION.

O How portentous is proſperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it ſhines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death*'s ambition,
To cull his victims from the faireſt fold,
And ſheath his ſhafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliſs,
Set up in oſtentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toſs'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble ſtate,
How often have I ſeen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our ev'ning's ſigh!
As if her bounties were the ſignal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the ſacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the deſtin'd prey.
High fortune ſeems in cruel league with *fate*.
Aſk you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illuſtrious ſpoil;

Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns LORENZO ſtill for the ſublime
Of life? to hang his airy neſt on high,
On the ſlight timber of the topmoſt bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *death* at equal diſtance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins juſt where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happineſs *deny'd?*
LORENZO! no: 'Tis happineſs *diſdain'd.*
She comes too meanly dreſt to win our ſmile;
And calls herſelf *Content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *tranſport*, and *content* our ſcorn.
Ambition turns, and ſhuts the door againſt her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempeſt*, in her ſtead;
A *tempeſt* to warm *tranſport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal ſtate admits,
Life's modeſt joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
And all our ecſtaſies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
And ſince thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtleſs of thy fate!
As late I drew *death*'s picture, to ſtir up
Thy wholeſome fears; now, drawn in contraſt, ſee
Gay *fortune*'s, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the ſportive goddeſs hangs,
Unlocks her caſket, ſpreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All ruſh rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings,
Prieſts o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still *more* ador'd) to ſnatch the golden ſhow'r.
Gold glitters moſt, where *virtue* ſhines no more;
As ſtars from abſent ſuns have leave to ſhine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennell'd from the priſons, and the ſtews,
Pour in, all open in their idol's praiſe;
All, ardent, eye each waſture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,

Morſel on morſel ſwallow down unchew'd,
Untaſted, thro' mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous ſtill.
Sagacious All, to trace the ſmalleſt game,
And bold to ſeize the greateſt. If (bleſt chance!)
Court-zephyrs ſweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er juſt, o'er ſacred, all-forbidden ground;
Drunk with the burning ſcent of place or pow'r,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 132.

LYSANDER *and* ASPASIA.

LYSANDER, happy paſt the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair ASPASIA: She was kind:
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were bleſt:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finiſht happineſs?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her ſtately dome
Roſe on the ſounding beach. The glittering ſpires
Float in the wave, and break againſt the ſhore:
So break thoſe glitt'ring ſhadows, human joys.
The faithleſs morning ſmil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecſtaſies, at eve.
The riſing ſtorm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her ſervant's eye.
She felt it ſeen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In ſuffocating ſorrows, ſhares his tomb.
Now, round the ſumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough ſailor paſſing, drops a tear.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 135.

GENIUS *connected with* IGNOMINY.

HEART merit wanting, mount we ne'er ſo high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold,
When I behold a genius bright, and baſe,
Of tow'ring talents, and terreſtrial aims:
Methinks I ſee, as thrown from her high ſphere,
The glorious fragments of a ſoul immortal,
With rubbiſh mixt, and glittering in the duſt.
Struck at the ſplendid, melancholy ſight,
At once *compaſſion* ſoft, and *envy*, riſe——
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are ſhining inſtruments
In falſe ambition's hand, to finiſh faults
Illuſtrious, and give infamy renown.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 150.

EXALTED STATION.

——— WHAT is ſtation high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boaſts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and miniſters, are aweful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a ſupple knee,
To beings pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
The meaneſt ſlave; *all more* is merit's due,
Her ſacred and inviolable right:
Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior *worth*;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.

Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majeſty.
Let the *ſmall ſavage* boaſt his ſilver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, deſcending fairly from his ſires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And ſouls in *ermin* ſcorn a ſoul without?
Can *place* or leſſon us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies ſtill, tho' percht on *Alps*:
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own ſtature, builds himſelf:
Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids*:
Her monuments ſhall laſt, when *Egypt*'s fall.
N. THOUGHTS, p. 151.

AMBITION *and* FAME.

AMBITION's *boundleſs appetite* out-ſpeaks
The verdict of its *ſhame*. When ſouls take fire
At high preſumptions of their own deſert,
One age is poor applauſe; the mighty ſhout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time muſt echo; worlds unborn, reſound.
We wiſh our names *eternally* to live:
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been *eternal* too.
Inſtinct points out an int'reſt in hereafter;
But our blind *reaſon* ſees not *where* it lies;
Or, ſeeing, gives the ſubſtance for the ſhade.
  Fame is the ſhade of immortality,
And in itſelf a ſhadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it ſhrinks to nothing in the graſp.
Conſult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is This all?" cry'd CÆSAR at his height,
Diſguſted. This *third* proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The firſt in fame,

Obſerve him near, your envy will abate;
Sham'd at the diſproportion vaſt, between
The paſſion, and the purchaſe, he will ſigh
At *ſuch* ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.
And why? Becauſe far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illuſtrious glory calls;
It calls in whiſpers, yet the deafeſt hear.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 187.

HUMAN PRAISE.

NOR abſolutely vain is *human* praiſe,
When human is ſupported by *divine*.
I'll introduce LORENZO to HIMSELF;
Pleaſure and pride (bad maſters!) ſhare our hearts.
As love of *pleaſure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of *praiſe* is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the *love of praiſe*, inſpires,
Matures, refines, embelliſhes, exalts,
Earth's happineſs? From *that*, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous; of *civil* life,
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
The baſis, on which *love of glory* builds.
Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue!* leſs in debt
To praiſe, thy ſecret ſtimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit ſhould we miſs!
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praiſe is the ſalt that ſeaſons *right* to man,
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirſt of applauſe is virtue's *ſecond* guard;
Reaſon, her firſt; but reaſon wants an aid;
Our *private* reaſon is a flatterer;
Thirſt of applauſe calls *public* judgment in,
To poiſe our own, to keep an even ſcale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 188.

HOPE.

HOPE, of all paſſions, moſt befriends us *here*;
Paſſions of prouder name befriend us leſs.
Joy has her *tears* and *tranſport* has her *death*:
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' ſtrong,
Man's heart, at once, *inſpirits*, and *ſerenes*;
Nor makes him pay his wiſdom for his joys;
'Tis All, our preſent ſtate can *ſafely* bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attemper'd! a *chaſtis'd* delight!
Like the fair ſummer ev'ning, mild, and ſweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradiſe below!

N. THOUGHTS, p. 224.

HUMAN LIFE *compared to the* OCEAN.

OCEAN! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen *terrors* frowning round,
(Tho' lately feaſted high at * *Albion*'s coſt)
Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, *Britain* may be deeper ſtruck
By *moral truth*, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which nature holds for-ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When *young*, with ſanguine chear, and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend;

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

All in ſome darling enterprize embarkt:
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize!
Some ſteer aright; but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: With hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind, and tide, *ſome* win their way;
And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
Tho' ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate:
They ſtrike; and while they triumph, they expire.
In ſtreſs of weather, *moſt*; *ſome* ſink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a ſhort memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a moment, and is ſeen no more:
One CÆSAR lives; a thouſand are forgot.
How few, beneath auſpicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond fate's elect!)
With ſwelling ſails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wiſhes freighted! Yet ev'n Theſe,
Freighted with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They ſtill are men; and when is man ſecure?
As fatal *time*, as *ſtorm*! the ruſh of years
Beats down their ſtrength; their numberleſs eſcapes
In ruin end: And, now, their proud ſucceſs
But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, juſt made their own,
Their neſt ſo deeply down'd, and built ſo high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the ſtars.

N. THOUGTS, p. 233.

HUMILITY TRUE GREATNESS.

——— DOST thou demand a teſt,
A teſt, at once, infallible, and ſhort,
Of *real* Greatneſs? That man Greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or frame, who Greatly dies;
High-fluſh'd with hope, where heroes ſhall deſpair.
If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
Illuſtrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth ſurveys
Nought Greater, than an honeſt, Humble Heart;
An Humble Heart, *His* reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond ſeat; and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives!

N. THOUGHTS, p. 243.

PLEASURE.

PLEASURE's the miſtreſs of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of the world below;
And well it was for man, that *pleaſure* charms:
How would all ſtagnate, but for *pleaſure*'s ray!
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe!
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world?
The love of *pleaſure*: That, thro' ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth, and ſhuts out death from life.
Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family hold all in chains:
Some moſt affect the black; and ſome, the fair;
Some honeſt *pleaſure* court; and ſome, obſcene.
Pleaſures *obſcene* are various, as the throng
Of paſſions, that can *err* in human hearts;
Miſtake their objects, or tranſgreſs their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom? Whoredom All,
But when our *reaſon* licenſes delight.

Doſt doubt, LORENZO? Thou ſhalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others *gold!*
And that hag *vengeance*, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleaſure* is the mark:
For Her, the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword:
For Her, dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *ſingle* ſacrifice may fall:
For Her, the ſaint abſtains; the miſer ſtarves;
The *Stoic* proud, for *pleaſure*, pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For Her, *affliction*'s daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For Her, guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim *voluptuous*, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic power!
And as her empire wide, her praiſe is juſt.
Patron of pleaſure; doater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong.
Pleaſure is nought but virtue's gayer name:
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flower;
And honeſt EPICURES' foes were fools.
But this ſounds harſh, and gives the *wiſe* offence:
If o'er-ſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill retains the *name*.
How knits *auſterity* her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praiſe*
Of *pleaſure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
Ye modern *Stoics!* hear my ſoft reply;
Their ſenſes men will truſt: We can't impoſe;
Or, if we could, is impoſition right?
Own *honey ſweet*; but, owning, add this *ſting*,
"When mixt with poiſon, it is deadly too."
Truth was never indebted to a lye.
Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe?

What nature loves is good, without *our* leave.
And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware;*"
Pleaſure, tho' not from virtue, *ſhould* prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The *love of pleaſure* is man's eldeſt born,
Born in this cradle, living to his tomb;
Wiſdom, her *younger* ſiſter, tho' more *grave*,
Was meant to *miniſter*, and not to mar,
Imperial *pleaſure*, queen of human hearts.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 245.

WISDOM.

WISDOM is the growth of experience: but experience is not the growth of action, but of reflection on it. In an active life is *ſown* the *ſeed* of wiſdom; but he who reflects not, never *reaps*: has no harveſt from it; but carries the burden of age, without the wages of experience; nor knows himſelf old, but from his infirmities, the pariſh regiſter, and the contempt of mankind. And what has age, if it has not eſteem?—It has nothing.

LIFE'S REVIEW, Vol. IV. p. 215.

PIETY.

ON piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
A ſoul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the ſhocks of life;
The whirls of paſſions, and the ſtrokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of *piety* delight inſpires;

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the *Great God* that inſtant joins
The firſt in heav'n, and ſets his foot on hell.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 251.

FERVENT PRAYER.

THERE is a tenderneſs of heart, and a ſuſceptibility of awe, with regard to God, as well as man, in youth, which, in moſt, is wanting afterwards. This want is an enemy we muſt fight, and fervent prayer, that *ſword of the ſpirit*, is the beſt weapon againſt him. He that has never prayed, can never *conceive*, and he that has prayed as he ought, can never *forget*, how much is to be gained by prayer.

On PLEASURE, Vol. IV. p. 209.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

NO man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himſelf;
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on All;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel Here.
Such angels, All, intitled to repoſe
On *Him* who governs fate: Tho' tempeſt frowns,
Tho' nature ſhakes, how ſoft to lean on heaven!
To lean on *Him*, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and ſilent as the grave,
They ſtand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old.

In ISRAEL's dream, come from, and go to, heav'n:
Hence, are *they* ſtudious of ſequeſtered ſcenes;
While noiſe, and diſſipation, comfort *thee*.
N. THOUGHTS, p. 258.

JOY.

VAIN are all ſudden ſallies of delight;
Convulſions of a weak, diſtempered joy.
Joy's a fixt ſtate; a tenure, not a ſtart.
Bliſs there is none, but *unprecarious* bliſs:
That is the gem: Sell All, and purchaſe That.
Why go a begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pauſe;
Suſpect it; what thou canſt enſure, enjoy;
And nought, but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf, is ſure.
Reaſon perpetuates joy that reaſon gives,
And makes it as immortal as herſelf:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
N. THOUGHTS, p. 259.

WORTH.

WORTH, conſcious worth! ſhould *abſolutely* reign,
And other joys aſk leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and periſh in inteſtine broils;
Not the leaſt promiſe of internal peace!
No boſom comfort! or unborrow'd bliſs!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,
'Mid ſands, and rocks, and ſtorms, to cruiſe for pleaſure;
If gain'd, dear bought; and better miſs'd than gain'd.

Much pain muſt expiate, what much pain procur'd.
Fancy and *ſenſe*, from an infected ſhore,
Thy cargo bring; and peſtilence the prize.
Then, ſuch thy thirſt (inſatiable thirſt!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy ſtill cruiſes, when poor *ſenſe* is tir'd.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 260.

HAPPINESS *and* PLEASURE.

HAPPINESS and Pleaſure, as Wiſdom and Wit, are each other's friends, or foes; and if foes, of foes the worſt. Well-choſen pleaſure is a branch of happineſs: well-judging wit is a flower of wiſdom: but when theſe petty ſubalterns ſet up for themſelves, and counteract their principals, one makes a greater wretch, and the other a groſſer fool, than could exiſt without them: *Pleaſure then* calls for our compaſſion, and wit for our contempt.

On INFIDELITY, Vol. IV. p. 107.

PICTURE *of a* GOOD MAN.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips in ſeas, while *in*, *above* the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of *ſenſe*, and *paſſion*'s ſtorm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptred, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he ſees,

Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! What higher praiſe?
What ſtronger demonſtration of the right?
The preſent all *their* care; the future, *his*.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varniſh nature; *his* exalt.
Mankind's eſteem *they* court; and *he*, his own.
Theirs the wild chace of *falſe* felicities;
His, the compos'd poſſeſſion of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* conſiſtent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe; each puff of *fortune* blows
The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.
He ſees with other eyes than *theirs*: Where *they*
Behold a *ſun*, *he* ſpies a *Deity*;
What makes *them* only ſmile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* ſee *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* ſees;
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.
They things terreſtrial worſhip, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as duſt,
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs, in Infinite, to loſe all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide to find his dignity;
No dignity *they* find in aught beſides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipſe.
Himſelf too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks ſo great in man, as *man*.
Too dear *he* holds his int'reſt, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'reſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
Wrong *he* ſuſtains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor ſtoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.

A cover'd heart *their* character defends;
A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praiſe.
With nakedneſs his innocence agrees!
While *their* broad foliage teſtifies their fall!
Their no joys end, where *his* full feaſt begins:
His joys *create*, *Theirs* murder, future bliſs,
To triumph in exiſtence, *his* alone:
And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* exiſtence is not yet begun.
His glorious courſe was, yeſterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 263.

ARREARS *to the* DISTRESSED.

HOW deep are we in arrears to the diſtreſſed?—The diſtreſſed have, from reaſon, as juſt a demand on our ſuperfluities, as we have, from law, on our ſtewards for our eſtates. But this is no *play debt*, and therefore, without diſhonour, undiſcharged.

On PLEASURE, Vol. IV. p. 142.

W I T.

WIT, how delicious to man's dainty taſte?
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *ſenſe*;
But, as its ſubſtitute, a dire diſeaſe.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, LORENZO! Wit abounds;
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes *wine* inſpires.
The lucky flaſh; and *madneſs* rarely fails.
Whatever cauſe the ſpirit ſtrongly ſtirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.

For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worſt;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See *dulneſs*, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her ſage head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But *wiſdom*, awful wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the laſt;
How rare! In ſenates, ſynods, ſought in vain;
Or if *there* found, 'tis ſacred to the *few*;
While a lewd proſtitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, *wit*: In civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriſer; *ſenſe*, a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herſelf the lightning of the ſtorm.
In *ſtates*, 'tis dangerous; in *religion*, death:
Shall *wit* turn Chriſtian, when the dull believe?
Senſe is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume;
The *plume* expoſes, 'tis our *helmet* ſaves.
Senſe is the di'mond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by *wit*, it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of *good ſenſe*, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.
Thus, a *Half*-CHESTERFIELD is quite a fool;
Whom *dull* fools ſcorn, and bleſs their want of wit.

N. THOUGHTS, p. 268.

N I G H T.

——— O majeſtic NIGHT!
Nature's great anceſtor! *day*'s elder-born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals, and immortals, ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of ſhape and ſhade,

In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train.

N. THOUGHTS, Vol. IV. p. 22.

THE CONTRAST.

MOROSE is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undiſguis'd.
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear;
Valu'd, like leopards, as their *ſpots* appear.
A fam'd ſurtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night ſhe went,
And, while he ſlept, ſurpriz'd the darling *rent:*
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
And glory, at one entrance, quite ſhut out. *
He ſcorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him;
This hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim:*
Thus, in each other, both theſe fools deſpiſe
Their own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *ſloven* and the *fopling* are the ſame.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 98.

* Milton.

WIT.

WHAT though *wit* tickles? tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh.*
Who, for the poor renown of being *ſmart,*
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd:
Then draw your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*;
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet:
Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
Both pain us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen,
The *fame* men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the *jeſter*, when the joke's *unkind*.

Vol. I. p. 94.

LOVE *of* PRAISE.

THE *Love of Praiſe*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or leſs, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modeſt* ſhun it, but to make it ſure.
O'er globes, and ſceptres, now on thrones it ſwells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, ſqueaks in Maſquerades.
Here, to *S——e's humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at *P—y's eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in ſable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearſe*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

Vol. I. p. 80.

REFLECTION *on* DEATH.

WHERE the prime actors of the *laſt year's* ſcene;
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume?
How many *ſleep*, who kept the world *awake?*
With luſtre, and with noiſe! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his ſated lance on high?

'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the *preſent year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble life a thinner fall.
But needleſs *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayeſt* ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality;
Though in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain,
As *mauſoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-ſtain'd canvas, or the featur'd ſtone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt the ſcene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Profeſt diverſions!* cannot theſe eſcape?"—
Far from it: Theſe preſent us with a ſhroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ranſack tombs for *paſtime*: from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement: How like gods
We ſit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own*?
What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties, or approaching fate?
LORENZO! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? *Thy* world—A grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the ceiling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns ſupport the dancer's heel.

N. THOUGHTS, Vol. IV. p. 5.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

CLARINDA's boſom burns, but burns for *Fame*:
And Love lies vanquiſh'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope ſhe, *now*, diſpenſes; *then*,
Like *April* ſuns, dives into clouds agen:
With all her luſtre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *oſtentation*, hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleaſure ſweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a ſudden pain;
Then, ſhe ſtarts up, all ecſtaſy and bliſs,
And is, ſweet ſoul! juſt as ſincere in this!
O how ſhe rolls her charming eyes in *ſpight*;
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wiſe,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

ZARA reſembles *Ætna* crown'd with ſnows;
Without ſhe freezes, and within ſhe glows!
Twice ere the ſun deſcends, with zeal inſpir'd,
From the vain converſe of the world retir'd,
She reads the *pſalms* and *chapters* of the day,
In——CLEOPATRA, or the laſt new play.
Thus gloomy ZARA, with a ſolemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is ſhe,
Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;
Whoſe *manners* will not let her larum ceaſe,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her ſubtle head,
And vows—*that her great-grandfather is dead*.

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear
But 'tis a taſk indeed to learn—*to hear*:
In that the ſkill of converſation lies;
That *ſhews*, or *makes*, you both polite and wiſe.

XANTIPPE cries, "Let nymphs, who nought can ſay,
"Be loſt in ſilence, and reſign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs,
"By tame behaviour, and a ſoft addreſs;"

Through *virtue*, *ſhe* refuſes to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wiſdom, *ſhe* refuſes to ſubmit
To wiſdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind ſent,
Juſt *intimates* the lady's diſcontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame;
But keen XANTIPPE, ſcorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and compoſing *tea*:
Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She *ſhakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *ſound* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be *wiſe*?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaſeleſs* cares beſiege our ſtate?
What ſtrokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*?
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *ſuicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On *folly*'s errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
We preſs coy fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we ſeek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week;

Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *ſatiety* and *fierce deſire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look'd mild, and *ſavages* grew tame.
The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view;
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Maſter* BETTY leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miſs* CHARLES to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barb'rous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd ſteed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And FOBERT has the forming of the *Fair*.
More than *one* ſteed muſt DELIA's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as ſhe guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken* thong?
Graceful as JOHN, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains:
SESOSTRIS like, ſuch charioteers as *theſe*
May drive ſix harneſs'd *monarchs*, if they pleaſe:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, *ſwim*, *ſhoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
But *one* admirer has the painted laſs;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking glaſs:
Yet LAURA's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her *art* ſcarce makes her pleaſe us *leſs*.
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints leſs fair the *lily* and the *roſe*.
How gay *they* ſmile? Such bleſſings *nature* pours,
O'erſtock'd mankind enjoy but half her ſtores:

In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flow'rs, and ſpreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely deſart trace,
And *waſte* their muſic on the ſavage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we *guiltleſs* in a world like this?
But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted *art*'s deprav'd allurements chuſe.
Such FULVIA's paſſion for the town; freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
And larks, and nightingales are odious things:
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight;
And to be preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite:
Where ſilver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads,
And *woodbines* give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
Black kennels abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.
Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the public to the private ſcene?
Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open way;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we ſtray;
Stiff oppoſition and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,
Which choak our paſſage, our career controul,
And wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 121.

SOLITUDE.

O SACRED ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*.

There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar:
There, bleſs'd with health, with buſineſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the next;
There to the *Muſes* ſport; theſe numbers free,
Pierian EASTBURY! I owe to thee.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 129.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

MISTAKEN lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accompliſhments will win the fair:
The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* ſhould be won,
As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *ſun*;
And yet in female ſcales a fop out-weighs,
And wit muſt wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain LIBERIA's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiſs)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
If you reſent, and wiſh a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene.
In fair and open dealing where's the ſhame?
What nature dares to *give*, ſhe dares to *name*.
This *honeſt fellow* is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.

Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to ſwear.
By JOVE, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the Chriſtian Syſtem, is prophane.
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dreſs*, ſhe's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When JOVE deputes a lady in his ſtead?
A *lady!* pardon my miſtaken pen,
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of *men*.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 134.

GOOD BREEDING.

FEW to good breeding make a juſt pretence,
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good-ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue* join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With *Chineſe* painters modern *toaſts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their perſons with a hoyden air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pray'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worſe intrude
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady *D*——'s ſelf will be polite.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 136.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

BUT adoration! give me ſomething *more*,
Cries LYCE, on the borders of *threeſcore*:
Nought treads ſo ſilent as the foot of *time*;
Hence we miſtake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wiſe to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
Autumnal LYCE carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breaſt a miſtreſs warms,
Who looks through ſpectacles to ſee your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his ſpade the *ſexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conqueſts, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has ſummon'd *ſprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow ſilks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of LYCE but *herſelf* is old.
Her grizzled locks aſſume a *ſmirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep furrow'd face.
Her ſtrange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll aſk *her bleſſing*, but can't aſk her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herſelf) at *ninety-nine*.
O how unlike her is the ſacred age
Of prudent PORTIA? *Her* grey hairs *engage*;
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* ſhine.
That, and that *only*, can old age ſuſtain;
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for *pain*.
Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly ſome are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,

They drop *apace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
Till naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.
Where's PORTIA now?—But PORTIA left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adriſt, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *paſſion* toſs it to and fro;
Awhile torment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt *example* lies, my *precepts* truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills; the *boldeſt* are afraid:
Where then is ſafety for a *tender maid?*
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And *man*, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate;
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills *themſelves* create.
If on your fame *our* ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, through malice of your *own.*
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief *dangers* riſe:
Then pleaſe the *Beſt*; and know, for men of ſenſe,
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Art on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *ſimple* manners all the ſecret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bleſt and wiſe.
Vain *ſhew* and *miſe* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddineſs*, and end in *pain.*
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praiſe,
Which, all thoſe wretches I deſcribe, betrays.

Your ſex's glory 'tis, to ſhine *unknown*;
Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirſt
With which the age is eminently curſt:
To drink of *pleaſure*, but inflames deſire;
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promiſe bliſs to *come*.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 137.

The DAY *of* JUDGMENT.

LO! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the throng;
ADAM ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart;
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth day, or deſcent?
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of antient days?
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands,
CÆSAR un-noted in your preſence ſtands.
How vaſt the concourſe! not in number more,
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore;
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above;

Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand:*
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud *Cannæ*'s field,
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia*'s hoſt,
They All are here, and here they All are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, ſons of men, prepare!
Earth ſhakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms reſound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt pow'r of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, JEHOVAH, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my muſe,
How art thou loſt? what numbers canſt thou chuſe?
A Sudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great ſov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! Where *time* and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humble at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlaſting Son;
Crown'd with that majeſty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praiſe, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er ſerene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, *knowledge* ſhines in pureſt light;
On one, the ſword of *juſtice*, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!
Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could *Satan* hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in *Bethlem* born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted, gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and dy'd;

Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!
And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd,—I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken CAIAPHAS! Ah! which blaſphem'd;
Thou or thy Pris'ner! which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for Thee!
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky.
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd,
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the *Chriſtian* flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main:
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary muſe, nor dare reveal

What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the *Sun* ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene behold.
Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
" O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempeſt and that tempeſt tame;
" Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls.
" Oh! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy pow'r, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" Oh may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown:
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down:
" Not the Great OTTOMAN, or Greater CZAR,
" Not *Europe*'s arbitreſs of peace and war.

" May ſea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind?
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul!
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine!*
" Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, Thy glory by my care!
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt Thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our pow'rful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt Great ANNE *Thy* ſceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the *Morning-Ray*,
" Open with Pray'r the conſecrated day;
" Tune Thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the *Setting Sun*
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
" And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
" How every boiſterous thought in calms ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the *World* aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its *Founder* keep!
" Can'ſt Thou not ſhake the centre? Oh controul,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul

" Thou, who can'ſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
" O may I pant for Thee in each deſire!
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
" Which in *Eternity*'s deep boſom lies!
" At the *Great Day* of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
" Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age, my grateful ſong repeat;
" My Light, my Life, my GOD, my *Saviour* ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of THEE."

Vol. I. p. 27.

PLEASURE.

PLEASURE is in ſome ſort more pernicious than direct vice. Vice has, naturally, ſome horror in it. It ſtartles, and alarms the conſcience, and puts us on our guard. Pleaſure, under the colour of being harmleſs, has an opiate in it; it ſtupefies and beſots. In the ſoft lap of pleaſure conſcience falls aſleep. Vice, loſing its horror, becomes familiar. And as vice increaſes, ſome expedient becomes neceſſary to reconcile us to ourſelves. Thus, looking out for ſome ſhadow of excuſe, we naturally ſlide into groundleſs doubts, and become infidels out of pure ſelf-defence.

And, as pleaſure makes us infidels, by ſtupefying the conſcience; ſo it makes us very bad huſbands of temporal enjoyments, by darkening our underſtandings; and this unqualifies us for the very point to which *alone* we pretend.

It is this cloud on their underſtanding which hinders our voluptuaries from diſcerning, that their blind rage

for pleaſure turns bleſſings into their reverſe. Birth, education, and abundance, are great bleſſings; but, abuſed by pleaſure into motives and inſtruments of indulgence, birth is more ignoble than obſcurity; knowledge is more pernicious than ignorance; and abundance more a misfortune than want. Men of rank (and of ſuch I ſpeak) if wrong, can ſcarce avoid ſinning beyond themſelves. How peſtilential their example falls on the lower world, which, under the welcome force of ſuch illuſtrious authority, turn diſſolute, as much for the ſake of their credit and fortune, as of their luſts; pride, and intereſt, bringing needleſs ſuccour to looſe deſire; and Tyburn has ſometimes reaped, what aſſemblies have ſown. Great men in the wrong, are powerful engines of miſchief, and, like burſting bombs, deſtroy themſelves, and all around them.

On PLEASURE, Vol. IV. p. 137.

IMPUDENCE.

HOW hard for real worth to gain its price?
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
If bleſt with pliant, tho' but ſlender, ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence:
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face;
A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and *virtue* they will ſoon deſert,
And lodge you in the boſom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
For men's refuſing what you ought to gain.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 108.

PLEASURES *of a* GARDEN.

A Garden has ever had the praiſe, and affection, of the wiſe. What is requiſite to make a wiſe, and happy man, but reflection, and peace? and both are the natural growth of a garden. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happineſs, but a picture of it; and, in ſome ſort, ſhews him to himſelf. Its culture, order, fruitfulneſs, and ſeclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildneſs, and expoſure of a common field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts; and ſows celeſtial ſeed in their ſtead. For what ſee we there, but what awakens in us our gratitude to heaven? A garden to the virtuous is a paradiſe ſtill extant; a paradiſe unloſt. What a rich preſent from heaven of ſweet incenſe to man was wafted in that breeze? What a delightful entertainment of ſight glows on yonder bed, as if in kindly ſhowers the watry bow had ſhed all its moſt celeſtial colours on it? Here are no objects that fire the paſſions! None that do not inſtruct the underſtanding, and better the heart, while they delight the ſenſe; but not the ſenſe of *theſe* men. To them the tulip has no colours; the roſe no ſcent: Their palate for Pleaſure is ſo deadened, and burnt out, by the violent ſtroke of higher taſtes, as leaves no ſenſibility for the ſofter impreſſions of theſe; much leſs for the reliſh of thoſe philoſophic, or moral, ſentiments, which the verdant walk, clear ſtream, embowering ſhade, pendant fruit, or riſing flower, thoſe ſpeechleſs, not powerleſs, orators, ever praiſing their great Author, inſpire: Much leſs ſtill for their religious inſpirations. Who cannot look on a flower till he frightens himſelf out of infidelity? Religion is the natural growth of the works of God; and infidelity, of the inventions of men.

On PLEASURE, Vol. IV. p. 144.

PATIENCE.

CELESTIAL *Patience!* how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While *Paſſion* takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
By not oppoſing, thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.

FORCE of RELIGION, Vol. I. p. 58.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperior ſenſe,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are ſo aukward! Things ſo unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's ſhock'd where'er ſhe goes:
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heav'n by its favour has the fair diſtreſt,
And pour'd ſuch bleſſings—that ſhe *can't* be bleſt.
Ah! why ſo vain, though blooming in thy ſpring,
Thou *ſhining, frail, ador'd*, and *wretched* thing?
Old-age *will* come; diſeaſe *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threeſcore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may ſoon decay:
But grant theſe *fugitives* prolong their ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes:
Life, that ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the ſoul let virtues ſhine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.
JULIA's a manager, ſhe's born for rule;
And knows her *wiſer* huſband is a *fool*;

Aſſemblies holds, and ſpins the *ſubtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed:
For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But if depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs.
For her *own* breakfaſt ſhe'll *project a ſcheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *ſtratagem*;
Preſides o'er *trifles* with a *ſerious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.
Go breakfaſt with ALICIA, there you'll ſee,
Simplex munditiis, to the laſt degree:
Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-dreſs is unty'd,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs is aſide.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace:
Unwaſh'd her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, ſhe loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as ſoon as gloves.
Gloves by queen BESS's maidens might be miſt;
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female *fiſt*.
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For H——Y the firſt *wit* ſhe cannot be,
Nor, cruel R——D, the firſt *toaſt*, for thee.
Since full each other ſtation of *renown*,
Who would not be the greateſt *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female ſloven* is an odious ſight.
Fair ISABELLA is ſo fond of *fame*,
That her *dear ſelf* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft ſhe'll ſay,
"Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a *bleſſing* than a *ſnare*.
Diſtruſt *mankind*: with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raiſes our renown;
Our *own* as ſurely blows the pageant down.

Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So ſweet is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of *injur'd modeſty* the ſacred name.
But CLIO thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean taſk! how much more gen'rous to com-
"mend?"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *inſtructor*, and *example* too.
"DAPHNISS," ſays CLIO, "has a charming eye;
"What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry!
"ASPASIA's ſhape indeed—But then her air—
"The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
"ALMERIA's wit has ſomething that's divine;
"And wit's enough—how few in all things ſhine.
"SELINA ſerves her friends, relieves the poor—
"Who was it ſaid SELINA's near threeſcore?
"At LUCIA's match I from my ſoul rejoice;
"The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
"His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great——
"But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
"In SHERLEY's form might cherubims appear;
"But then—ſhe has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but*, HORTENSIA ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue bright:
But how comes this to paſs?—She dy'd laſt night.

LOVE of FAME, Vol. I. p. 146.

PLEASURE.

WHAT an extravagant dominion does *pleaſure* exerciſe over us? It is not only the peſtilence that walketh in darkneſs; but an arrow that deſtroyeth.

at noon-day. The moon hides her face at our midnight enormities; and the morning bluſhes on our unfiniſhed bebauch. I am almoſt tempted to ſay, that our impudent folly puts nature out of countenance. But there is no need by words to exaggerate the fatal truth. Our luxury is beyond example, and beyond bounds; it ſtops not at the poor: even they that live on alms are infected with it.

It has often been obſerved, that it is with ſtates, as with men. They have their birth, growth, health, diſtemper, decay, and death. Men ſometimes drop ſuddenly by an apoplexy; ſtates, by conqueſt; in full vigour both. As man owes his mortality to original ſin; ſome ſtates owe their fall to ſome defect, or infelicity, in their original conſtitution. But contracted diſtemper is the moſt common ruin of ſtates, and men. And what national diſtemper more mortal than our own? On the ſoft beds of luxury moſt kingdoms have expired.

On PLEASURE, Vol. IV. p. 134.

ADVICE *to* AUTHORS.

'TIS harder far to pleaſe than give offence;
The leaſt miſconduct damns the brighteſt ſenſe;
Each ſhallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impreſſions deep
On thoſe, that o'er a page of *Milton* ſleep:
Nor in their dulneſs think to ſave your ſhame,
True, theſe are fools; but wiſe men ſay the ſame.
Wits are a deſpicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man ſhocks us, while the writer ſhines,
Our ſcorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence ſome diſpenſe,
And play the fool, becauſe they're men of ſenſe.

What inſtances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought?
Againſt their wills what numbers ruin ſhun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has ſhewn, by making it ſo rare,
That *wit*'s a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain ſound *ſenſe* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the moſt ſubſtantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
A ſplendid ſource of ill ten thouſand ways;
A certain ſnare to miſeries immenſe;
A gay prerogative from common ſenſe;
Unleſs ſtrong Judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the beſt,
Senſe fills your head, and genius fires your breaſt;
Yet ſtill forbear: your wit (conſider well)
'Tis great to ſhew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to ſeize the golden prize
Of place or pow'r; but greater to deſpiſe.
If ſtill you languiſh for an author's name,
Think private merit leſs than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deſerve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is: how dear 'twill coſt,
To write one page which you may juſtly boaſt.
Senſe may be good, yet not deſerve the preſs;
Who write an awful character profeſs;
The world as pupil of their wiſdom claim,
And for their ſtipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is ſolid or refin'd,
Should dare aſk public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, paſs o'er;
Much truſt example, but reflection more:
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught;
Which ſhews ſome work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know; and, known, adore:
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the juſt limits fix;
And zealouſly prefer four lines to ſix.
Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *ſwiftneſs* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that *Newmarket* praiſe,
Slow runs the *Pegaſus* that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is juſt and wiſe; for *leſs* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
The ſame good ſenſe that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impoſſibilities they ſeek:
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuſe no *fau't* though beautiful, 'twill harm;
One fault ſhocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctneſs; *Addiſon*
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once *Achilles* found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part*'s unſound.
He that *ſtrikes out*, and ſtrikes not out the *beſt*,
Pours luſtre in, and dignifies the reſt:
Give e'er ſo little, if what's right be there,
We praiſe for what you *burn*, and what you *ſpare*:
The part you burn, ſmells ſweet before the ſhrine,
And is as incenſe to the part divine.
Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well:
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame; more ſink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice;
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unleſs you let them praiſe for giving o'er?
Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it ſmiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly *Lucius* cenſures and commends,
That *Lucius* has no foes, except his friends.

Let *ſatire* leſs engage you than *applauſe*;
It ſhews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king*'s, *country*'s, *truth*'s, *religion*'s friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run poſterity, in debt.
And ſince the fam'd alone make others live,
Firſt *have* that glory you preſume to *give*.

If ſatire charms, ſtrike faults, but ſpare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal ſplinters fly.
As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the dart,
Good-breeding ſends the ſatire to the heart.

Painters and ſurgeons may the *ſtructure* ſcan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defaults in thoſe alone ſhould give offence!
Who ſtrikes the *perſon*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded ſatire can't extend
To *Codrus*' form; I'm not ſo much his friend:
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, ſhort, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour?* It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or ſenſe.
Unleſs you boaſt the genius of a *Swift*,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *laſt ſhift*.

Can others write like you? Your talk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publiſh'd long before,
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think cloſe, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurſe with quick reflection be your ſtrife,
Thoughts born from preſent objects, warm from life:
When moſt unſought, ſuch inſpirations riſe,
Slighted by fools, and cheriſh'd by the wiſe;

Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.
Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.
Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force;
Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine:
Let nature, art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your *Creed*:
Thus *virtue's seeds*, at once, and *laurels*, grow;
Do thus, and rise a *Pope* or a *Despreau*:
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;
A falling angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead *Lucifer's* detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen?
From able writers *rise* to worthy men.

EPISTLE II. Vol. I. p. 199.

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FINIS.